

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,385, Vol. 53.

May 13, 1882.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE ASSASSINATION.

IT is partly an advantage and partly a disadvantage not to be forced to speak immediately of such an event as the hideous crime of last Saturday. The natural indignation at the criminals, and the natural sympathy with the victims and their friends, find perhaps the most genuine and the fittest expression at the very moment. No lapse of time, indeed, can diminish the horror which must be felt at such a crime. For once even the reckless partisanship which finds an excuse for any villainy when it can be covered by the misused term "political" has hardly had the audacity to make itself heard here. In all Europe only a few French Communist prints, the atrocity of whose utterances is almost neutralized by their ignorance, have made discord in the chorus of execration. It hardly needed the graceful language of political friends and foes alike to describe the merits of the victims. Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH—though his appointment had been, in the circumstances, received with surprise—had the respect and the friendship of every politician on either side who knew him. Mr. BURKE, if possible, enjoyed even a higher reputation. It was known before by those who cared to inform themselves about the subjects on which they spoke and wrote that this head and incarnation of the Castle system was in every respect the opposite of what partisan ignorance supposed a Castle official to be. A Roman Catholic, a steady Liberal, a partisan of the tenants as far as he was a partisan at all, Mr. BURKE was probably one of the best friends that the Irish people had on the face of the earth, and his only crime was that he was the able head of the Executive forces of law and order in Ireland. Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was avowedly a messenger of conciliation and peace, and no difference of opinion as to the message he was charged with could disguise the fact. He had undertaken a most difficult and unthankful task out of loyalty to his country and his party, and he carried with him the respect even of those who were convinced that his mission must fail disastrously. He and his companion were types of the two classes of men who have carried on the government of England, on the whole, better than any other government is carried on by any other class in the world; the official without bureaucratic exclusiveness and bureaucratic corruption, and the statesman whose station and traditions raise him above the temptations of the professional politician. No political responsibility rested on Mr. BURKE; the political responsibility which rested on Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was that of the bearer of a flag of truce. The villanous sophistry which affects to apply the terms and principles of open and legitimate war to the machinations of secret conspiracy is here hopelessly at fault; and it is hardly possible to conceive a crime in which the actors could be more heavily burdened with guilt, the sufferers more absolutely deserving of sympathy.

Unfortunately, however, this does not conclude the matter, especially now that the first period during which all expressions save those of sympathy and of horror jar on the hearers has expired. The conduct of the Opposition has been entirely worthy of the traditions of English political warfare and of the responsibilities of a great party. It was pleasant even in the shock of the first news to be able to foretell pretty certainly that the promised battle of Monday would be postponed; and to smile at the misconceptions of those foreign critics

who speculated on a hostile vote and a resignation on the very morrow of the murder. While those who had died in the service of England lay yet unburied, it was well that, in the higher regions of English politics at any rate, no bickering of accusation or excuse should disturb the atmosphere. On the whole, the requisite reticence was observed admirably by all public men of eminence; it was indeed hardly broken in any quarter save by the ill-timed hint of self-exculpation in the PRIME MINISTER'S telegram to Lord RIPON. But the same obligation did not rest on those who were differently placed, and it still less rests on them now. It is no shame to any Englishman that his second thought, at least, should be England, and the political questions which this deplorable event suggests press for consideration. Those persons who affect incredulous surprise at the idea of connecting the melancholy fate of these two eminent public servants with Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent conduct are too modest. They are not such simpletons as they would have other people suppose. That, when hand and eye are relaxed, a vicious brute will spring, is no such very novel truth; that Irish treason and savagery in particular are encouraged by any appearance of faltering in those who oppose them is not quite unheard of by those who know Irish history. There is, unfortunately, ample evidence that, recent as the change was, its effects had been felt in Dublin. The order for a fool's paradise had gone forth, and the arrangements for it were being made. The Phoenix Park, it is said, was, for the first time for months, without its usual patrols; the detectives who, more than half against his will, used to watch Mr. FORSTER, were nowhere when Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was slashed to death by the knives of the murderers. The reign of peace had begun; what was the use of observing the precautions of war? So one life, than which there was not a more valuable one in the kingdom of Ireland, and another of hardly less importance, were added to the tale of sacrifices exacted by Irish disaffection from the blindness and hesitation of the English Government. It is said by those who have an interest in avoiding the question Who is to blame? that it is indecent to make political capital out of a great private and public calamity. The argument will hardly deceive any one who does not wish to be deceived. It is a singular way of showing respect to the victims themselves to shrink from pointing out those guilty of their death. It is a singular discharge of duty to the public to refrain from denouncing a policy which has inflicted heavy disaster on it already, and which, if not reversed, is certain to lead to more.

Much has been said, and much no doubt will be said, on the attitude of the Irish party in Parliament towards this abominable crime. Very pathetic denunciations of it, written and spoken, have come from them, and much ingenious argument has been expended to prove that it is a death-blow to their hopes. But, if they or their apologists think that either disclaimers or arguments will free them from guilt, they are very much mistaken. No doubt the act of the four ruffians of Saturday is very inconvenient to Mr. PARNELL. The acts of inconsiderate associates are frequently very inconvenient to considerate leaders. But when Englishmen are asked to differentiate delicately between Land Leaguism, Ribbonism, and Fenianism—to understand that Land Leaguism goes with its more daring confederates just so much

of the way and no further, and that its responsibility is, to be neatly ruled off at the exact point convenient to it—the national common sense may be trusted, when let alone by the caucus and the hektograph, to brush away the pretension. The attitude of the Land Leaguers is expressed with a grim touch of comedy by the proceedings of an Irish priest recorded in Wednesday's papers. On Friday week the Reverend Father O'BOYLE remarked publicly that Dublin Castle was a nest of vipers, and that it would be well when it was reduced to ashes. Whether one of the reverend gentleman's flock was numbered among the actors of the next day's crime it is impossible to say. But it is satisfactory to know that Mr. O'BOYLE retracted his expressions on Monday in consequence of the too emphatic carrying out of his ideas. This is—brought into glaring prominence and relief—the exact conduct of the Parnellite faction. For months and years they have been very glad of the help of the party of action in carrying out their designs. Their condemnation of murders differing only in accidental circumstances from those of Saturday has been faint, hesitating, and always qualified by pictures drawn in staring colours of the provocation and excuse for the acts. Mr. PARNELL in his famous speech about "taking off his coat," and his followers in many other speeches, have taken care to insinuate a further purpose more in harmony with the views of Fenians and Ribbonmen than anything contained in the actual Land League programme. Admitting, therefore, that Irish disaffection is really to be divided into a moral and a physical force section (an absurd admission, considering the events of the last two years), Mr. PARNELL and his followers have at least treated the physical force men as friends who were not to be discouraged. Some of them have done much more; but all of them as a body have done this. Therefore they cannot now at their pleasure abjure their confederates because they dislike the particular act which those confederates have done. Therefore, also, it will be in the highest degree scandalous and disgraceful if any further transaction takes place between the Government and men thus discredited. The blood of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH lies, it is to be feared, at more doors than one. But at the doors of the Land League it lies unmistakably, and those who knock in friendly fashion at a gate thus stained cannot escape the charge of condoning a crime than which none in this generation has been blacker, or has stirred the public mind more deeply.

THE GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE Bill which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT introduced on Thursday evening for the repression and punishment of crime in Ireland had been, as he informed the House, for some time under the consideration of the Cabinet. It is not the fruit of a panic arising from the late political murder; it does not in any special manner touch on crimes like the murder of Mr. BURKE and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. It is a Bill designed to meet that paralysis of law and order, that reign of terror and blood, which existed and triumphed in Ireland before the recent political assassination was even contemplated. The only effect of this assassination has been to give the Bill priority over all other Government measures. How it happened that when a part of the United Kingdom was in such a state as to demand the passing of such a Bill, any other measure could have been thought worthy of coming before it, must remain a mystery. For the Bill is a very strong and determined effort to deal with a very terrible state of things, and what the Government proposed, and what Mr. FORSTER left the Cabinet rather than join in proposing, was that this terrible state of things should go on unchecked until the Government had passed its Resolutions on Procedure and coaxed its new Irish friends into submission by a Bill dealing with arrears. The wisdom and statesmanship of Mr. FORSTER have been amply and speedily justified. The Government has been obliged to own that he was right and it was wrong, and that, if such a Bill was wanted, not a day was to be lost in passing it. Anyhow, the Bill so long delayed, so accidentally brought forward, is now submitted to the nation, and must be judged on its merits. It may at once be said that it is based on the right lines. It proceeds on a survey of the whole field of Irish crime. What are the crimes now committed in Ireland, how they are instigated and perpetrated, why they remain undetected, and why,

if detected, they remain unpunished, are the questions which legislators have to place clearly before their minds before they seek to provide remedies for the evils they discover. The great merit of the Government Bill is, that it shows that these large questions were sufficiently before the minds of those who framed it. Whether every remedy proposed is the best possible remedy to meet the evil specially attacked is really a subordinate matter. The main thing was that the Government should show that it had considered and dealt with Irish crime as a whole. This it has done. It deals with all the elements of terror, not only with murder, but with intimidation, boycotting, moonlight prowling, and the storing of the apparatus of assassination. It regards as instigators of crime not only the members of secret societies and the accomplices of murder, but all who, in any public manner, prompt men to acts of violence. It recognizes the fact that the worst crimes may be committed by strangers to the district or by foreigners. It enlists such interest in the detection of crime as can be awakened by the infliction of pecuniary penalties on the districts where crime is committed, and it exercises a stern pressure on witnesses who hesitate to give such evidence as it is in their power to offer. Lastly, it admits that, in cases of Irish agrarian crime, trial by jury is a mockery, and that a tribunal of a firmer and more impartial character must be found. The Bill is a good Bill, because it gives an accurate picture of the real state of Ireland. It is also a stringent Bill, and a Bill which dealt with the real state of Ireland could not avoid being very stringent. At the eleventh hour the Government treats Ireland as Ireland is, and gets rid of the delusions that an imaginary Ireland exists, in which crime is decreasing and healing measures are bearing fruit, and that the Irish leaders who think agrarian crime an innocent tool of their trade are good and honourable men.

The main provisions of the Bill are not difficult to understand, although there are many the exact effect of which cannot be appreciated until it is seen how they are worked. The Bill proposes, first, to provide for the punishment of crime. This is to be effected by the creation of a new tribunal, consisting of three judges, whose sentence must be unanimous, and there will be an appeal to a court, consisting of five other judges, the majority of which must uphold a conviction if it is to be sustained; and this Court of Appeal may, if it thinks fit, rehear the case and receive the testimony of new witnesses. It is much more improbable that an innocent man should be convicted after this very solemn and protracted ordeal had been gone through than that he should be convicted by a perfectly honest jury; and, although the administration of justice will in this way be less speedy and effective than could be wished, yet the Government may have been wise in endeavouring to shelter the credit of the Bench against the imputation that particularly severe judges were selected to go on particular circuits. The most doubtful part of these provisions is that which leaves it entirely to the Lord-Lieutenant to decide when this new machinery is to come into play. The judges will only supersede a jury when it is necessary, in the opinion of the Lord-Lieutenant, that they should supersede them, and this may prove an incentive to murder in districts hitherto untainted by serious crime. Unless the Lord-Lieutenant is to direct the judges to supersede a jury in every case, he must be guided by the antecedent history of the district where the crime is committed; and if the assassins chose a new field for their operations, they would be sure to get a jury to protect them. The second part of the Bill has for its object to prevent crime, and to anticipate the action of the criminal. Here the Bill is unquestionably stringent, and, if properly worked, ought to be effective. The police are to be empowered to search by night as well as by day for the apparatus of assassination and terror, for masks, threatening letters, daggers, and so forth. Any person who is caught prowling at night, and cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, may be arrested and summarily punished, as also may any one who is a stranger to the district where he is found, and cannot satisfactorily account for his presence there. Lastly, the Alien Act is to be revived for Ireland, and the emissaries of O'DONOVAN ROSSA are to be deprived of the hospitality hitherto given them. The third part of the Bill deals with instigation to crime. Membership in a secret society is to be an offence in itself; there are to be sweeping provisions against intimidation in every form, the nature of

which provisions Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did not describe, but which would probably make any kind of boycotting punishable. All assaults on constables and process-servers are to be followed by summary punishment. Power is given to the Lord-Lieutenant to prohibit any public meeting, and the Government is authorized to suppress any newspaper which encourages crime. These are the three main portions of the Bill, while supplementary provisions empower justices to inquire into crime, although no one is in custody, and to prevent witnesses absconding; to authorize extra police to be employed at the expense of the district, and to impose fines on districts where crime has been committed. Finally, in order to make the punishment of crimes of a minor order quick and striking, it is provided that two stipendiary magistrates shall be authorized to inflict summary punishment where the Bill allows it to be inflicted.

As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said, this is a very extraordinary measure; and it is to be in force for three years. Very much will depend on the resolution and tact with which it is worked, and how it will be practically worked will almost altogether depend on the character of the men to whom the administration of Ireland is entrusted. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT claimed for the Government that the working of the Act could not have been entrusted to men who more thoroughly deserved the confidence of the public than Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN. Experience alone can show how these new rulers of Ireland will discharge the duties of their arduous and toilsome posts; but both Parliament and the nation are ready to give them a fair trial, and to acknowledge that there is reason to hope that they will not be found unequal to their task. Lord SPENCER has already shown firmness and courtesy in the office of Lord-Lieutenant, and was one of the most popular of Lord-Lieutenants in days when Ireland and its Lord-Lieutenants went on together in a happy and comfortable way. Mr. TREVELYAN is very clever, very industrious, has shown considerable administrative skill, readily commands the attention of Parliament, and is never needlessly aggressive or violent. It is not only from their own past that they will carry with them the best of wishes for their success. But, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, something like a fraud will have been committed on Parliament if the Government, and those who represent the Government in Ireland, get this extraordinary Bill passed, and, then, from a want of resolution or a desire to conciliate where conciliation is impossible or mischievous, allow the Bill to lie dormant, and neglect to make every possible use of every provision which the Bill contains. The Bill was well received by the House of Commons. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT denounced Irish crime, and the open and secret accomplices of Irish crime, with a vehemence which left nothing to be desired; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, while reserving his right to criticize details, expressed his general concurrence in a measure which he could honestly say went as far as any Bill which he himself, if in office, would have been willing to propose. Any compact that may have been made with the extreme Irish section in Parliament was, of course, at an end; and the chief representatives of this section flamed with indignation at a Bill which they described as worthy of Russia rather than of England, and proclaimed that all hopes of their aiding the government of Ireland by England must henceforth be abandoned. Mr. GOSCHEN made the only reply that could be at once appropriate and conclusive when he declared that England did not in the least want their help, and would continue to govern Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom, and make English law and English strength prevail there as in every other part of the British Islands.

EGYPT.

THE state of affairs in Egypt is serious enough, but the grave crisis which has arisen is not without its satisfactory features. It is better that a crisis should have come without further delay, rather than that anarchy and misgovernment should have gradually paralysed and exhausted the country. It is also a matter of congratulation that the final struggle between government and anarchy in Egypt should have assumed a form which makes the duty of England perfectly clear. ARABI PASHA has openly revolted against the KHEDIVÉ, and has begun to take the

measures he judges necessary for deposing him. The origin of the quarrel between the ringleader of the mutineers and his nominal Sovereign was indirectly the plot, or alleged plot, of some Turkish and Circassian officers against ARABI PASHA. A court-martial was appointed to try some of the accused. It sat with closed doors, and gradually extended the field of its inquiries. It discovered plot after plot, conspirator after conspirator. It picked out a large number of those who were considered dangerous, and sentenced them to be exiled to the Soudan, which means little short of death. A wholesale order of exile to less dangerous quarters was decreed against all, or almost all, Turk or Circassian officers; and, lastly, the court-martial took on itself to declare that all the conspirators were the tools of the KHEDIVÉ's own father. The KHEDIVÉ behaved with unexpected firmness and good sense. He refused to consider the finding of the court-martial at all until the reference to his father had been omitted. He then discussed it with his Ministers, and stated that he could not confirm the sentence, as the court-martial had largely exceeded its powers. Here, however, the SULTAN intervened, and telegraphed that he, too, was dissatisfied with the proceedings of the court-martial, and ordered that all the documents should be submitted to him, and that the KHEDIVÉ should do nothing until the pleasure of the SULTAN was made known. To this the KHEDIVÉ objected, on the ground that the SULTAN was encroaching on the independent position accorded by the Firmans to the Khedive of Egypt; and that he, and not the SULTAN, had to deal with the findings of Egyptian courts-martial. In order to show that he could act independently of the SULTAN, and at the same time to make a stand against the dictation of ARABI PASHA, the KHEDIVÉ did deal with the finding, and dealt with it by condemning those whom the court-martial had sentenced, but condemning them to a very different fate. He merely ordered them to go abroad, keeping their rank and their half-pay. This was not at all what ARABI BEY wanted. He had not crushed his alleged enemies; he had not driven them out of the army; he had not lowered their dignity or much reduced their income. The Turks and Circassians were evidently being protected when they had done nothing to forfeit protection. On this ARABI struck work; called together on his own authority, and without the consent of the KHEDIVÉ, which legally is absolutely necessary, the Council or Parliament of Notables; and stated that he should induce or order these docile persons to proclaim that the present KHEDIVÉ is no more wanted in Egypt.

Throughout these troubled scenes the KHEDIVÉ has acted under the advice of England. It was the English CONSUL-GENERAL, in conjunction with the French, who advised the KHEDIVÉ to resist ARABI PASHA, and to maintain his independence as against the SULTAN. The final interview between the KHEDIVÉ and his Ministers was accompanied by expressions on the part of the Ministers of hostility so marked to the representatives of the Western Powers that the KHEDIVÉ thought it necessary to report at once what had occurred to those who were thus assailed. The Ministers would not acknowledge that the KHEDIVÉ had correctly reported their words, and were ready to give assurances that the lives and property of Europeans would be free from attack, and that the life of the KHEDIVÉ himself would be held sacred. This was the most to which they would go. They would depose the KHEDIVÉ, but would not kill him. If ever the duty of a nation was clear, it is the clear duty of England not to allow the KHEDIVÉ to be deposed. It may also be the duty of other Powers, or it may be if not their duty, at any rate within their legitimate province, to see that the KHEDIVÉ is not deposed; but the engagements of England are binding on her, whatever may be the part that other Powers are called on or permitted to play. England joined in deposing the late KHEDIVÉ and in substituting TEWFIK. There is not a single step which TEWFIK has taken as to which he has not been guided by England, or at least satisfied himself that England did not disapprove of what he was doing. England informed him that she would intervene in case of anarchy, and in a more pointed form assured him that he might rely on her active support if his authority was assailed in any flagrant and outrageous way. There would be an end of all reliance on the positive pledges of an English Government if the KHEDIVÉ were now deserted. The occasion has arisen in which it was promised that English assistance would be given him, and he has tried very hard

to deserve that the promise given him should be fulfilled. It is not easy to see that any policy in regard to Egypt would have been better than that pursued first by Lord SALISBURY and then by Lord GRANVILLE; but, at any rate, this policy has been pursued. England put the KHEDIVE in power, advised him what to do, and promised that if he followed the advice given him he should be supported. It is impossible that a nation having adopted this policy should withdraw from its engagements without a great loss of dignity and honour, and a very serious shock to the only kind of influence that is worth having—the influence that is derived from the conviction that a nation will and can make good its words.

But if England is bound to interfere in Egypt, there are two Powers which are certainly as fully entitled to interfere. The policy of England has also been the policy of France, and France is as much committed as England to uphold the KHEDIVE. He was appointed by France as much as by England, and he has always had recourse to the advice of the French as well as to that of the English Consul-General. The promise to maintain the authority of the KHEDIVE was given in a Joint Note emanating from France in conjunction with England. Whether France chooses to interfere now or not, England must keep her promises and act alone, if no one else will act; but France has as much right to interfere as England has. The title of the SULTAN to interfere is equally clear. Turkey has established a particular family as hereditary Viceroy of Egypt, and if the rights which Turkey has granted are attacked by armed force it has an unquestionable right to say that it will defend them. ARAHI PASHA is perfectly aware that he is revolting not only against the KHEDIVE but against the SULTAN also, and declares that if Turkish troops are sent to Egypt they will be opposed with such an amount of resistance as the very feeble army of Egypt can command. He is a subject of the SULTAN, and the SULTAN may very well say that this is a challenge from one of his subjects which he cannot possibly overlook. For some time past it has been notorious that the SULTAN has been intriguing to get the authority of the German Powers to interfere in Egypt in opposition to what were supposed to be the wishes of the Western Powers. France was violently opposed to an assumption of authority on the part of the SULTAN which she thought would prejudice her interests in Algeria and Tunis; and England was partly anxious to work with France to the last possible point, and was partly guided by the natural feeling that the SULTAN's claim to exercise a general and paramount authority over the details of Egyptian government was inconsistent with the Firmans by which Turkey had limited the exercise of its sovereign rights in Egypt. The German Powers declined to countenance the ambitious aspirations of the SULTAN, and simply advised him to act in accordance with England and France. The turn which events have now taken very much simplifies the situation; for, if the SULTAN now interferes, he will interfere not to violate the Firmans, but to uphold them. It is his especial business to maintain the VICEROY whom he has appointed, and to chastise a rebellious subject who announces his intention of setting himself up as an independent governor in one of the SULTAN's provinces. The peculiar grounds on which the SULTAN would now interfere are well calculated to remove the objections of France to Turkish intervention; for the SULTAN will not be acting in the vague interests of the Caliphate, but with the definite object of upholding the engagements into which he has entered with France and the other European Powers. The part played by England would, however, be a poor one if she merely looked on while the SULTAN restored the authority of the KHEDIVE, and it is necessary to ensure that the interference of the SULTAN is not perverted to purposes much less legitimate than that for which it will be ostensibly made. The presence of an adequate number of English ships in the port of Alexandria and at the entrances of the Suez Canal would suffice to mark that England was giving active assistance to the KHEDIVE, and also to control the Turkish occupation. M. DE FREYCINET has made it clear that the French Government would wish to associate itself in this limited enterprise, and England has no ground for disputing its right so to associate itself if it chooses to exercise this right. Nor can the other Powers offer any reasonable objection, for what would be done would only be a repetition of what has been done. England and France, with the assent of

Europe, called on the SULTAN to appoint the present KHEDIVE, and watched very closely over the mode in which their wishes were fulfilled. They may now, in exactly the same way, call on him to uphold the appointment he made at their request, and may exercise equal vigilance in seeing that no unfair advantage is taken of the opportunity of using his paramount powers which the headstrong folly of ARAHI PASHA has thrown in his way.

LA FEMME TERRIBLE.

WHILE Mr. PARNELL and his colleagues profess disapproval of the Phoenix Park murders, they have not succeeded in persuading their most confidential associate of their sincerity. Miss PARNELL, who was employed by them to transact under a different title the business of the Land League after it had been nominally suppressed, has perhaps not had the opportunity of communicating with her principals; for it is scarcely likely that she would intentionally thwart their policy. The Ladies' Land League has, like the original body which it provisionally represented, carefully abstained from any attempt to check agrarian outrage or murder. Miss PARNELL has entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the organization that she blurs out the sympathy of the League with assassination at the very moment at which her cooler superiors saw the danger of clashing with public opinion. She has accordingly addressed to the *Times* a letter, written after she had heard of the Dublin tragedy, for the apparent purpose of excusing or justifying the crime. It may be assumed that she had previously dissented from the policy of Mr. PARNELL's coalition with the Government. One of the most characteristic qualities of female agitators is their incapacity to appreciate the occasional expediency of paradoxical combinations. Hatred, calumny, and violence are congenial to passionate natures and to intellects which can only see one side of a question. Miss PARNELL has, in obedience to her instructions, habitually directed the most extravagant invectives against Mr. GLADSTONE; and she cannot easily reconcile herself to the adoption of new and opposite measures for the attainment of the same end. If *l'enfant terrible* causes mischief by untimely openness of speech, *la femme terrible* may produce still more dangerous results by her obstinate adherence to phrases and sentiments which have suddenly become unseasonable and obsolete. She perhaps regards with natural contempt the declarations of half the seditious bodies in Ireland of their regret for the deaths of two innocent men. She may even fail to understand why it was more wicked to murder a Chief Secretary than to put a conscientious juror to death for the simple discharge of his duty.

The *tricotieuses* who in the first Revolution held daily festivals round the guillotine, and their successors in a later generation who enriched the French language with the title of *pétroleuses*, outdid their male confederates in the violence of their language, though they were but secondarily responsible for their criminal acts. Miss PARNELL, who uses no weapon but her pen and her tongue, almost caricatures the masculine patriots of the Land League. "There is," she says, "only one character in all fiction to whom we can look for a likeness to Mr. FORSTER in the doings I have described, and that is LEGREE. It is true, LEGREE himself is not more dead and gone than Mr. FORSTER now; but the outrages on humanity first invented by him are not dead and gone." Mr. FORSTER may be consoled for the comparison between himself and Mrs. STOWE's melodramatic villain when he learns, on the same authority, that in recent history, if not in fiction, there are criminals worse than himself. "Mr. FORSTER butchered men and women; for Lord SPENCER has been reserved the distinction of butchering children." With Mr. PARNELL's newly-born admiration for Mr. GLADSTONE the terrible women of the Ladies' Land League will have nothing to do. "Whatever the differences between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER were, they clearly had no connexion with the peculiar barbarities which have made both these men so hated in Ireland." In her peroration the Presidentess or ex-Presidentess of the Ladies' Land League expresses the main purpose of her letter by apologizing for the Dublin murders. "If there are any who are surprised that the assassin's arm is not idle because of it [conciliation], they must forget that there is such a thing as human nature among Irishmen." The murder

in the Phoenix Park was, therefore, attributable to the instincts of human nature; and Miss PARNELL assumes that it was perpetrated by Irishmen. It will be interesting to observe whether she intermits her scolding when, as is probable, she is reproved for her ill-timed declamation by the more serious cultivators of disorder. She will be reminded that, although wild invectives against Mr. FORSTER are always acceptable, Mr. GLADSTONE is no longer supposed to have incurred the inveterate hostility of Irishmen.

It will be easy to repudiate the extravagances of an angry woman, who cannot understand the collapse or suspension of the policy which she has been long employed to promote. Her apologists are not unlikely to demand for her the immunity belonging to her sex; and the claim might be allowed, if the female League had not been instituted by the managers of the original organization. As long as unreasoning injustice served the purpose of the League, its impulsive members were encouraged in their attacks on law and order. The more formidable demagogues probably thought that their nominees would obey orders, and they failed to anticipate the propensity of excited women to identify themselves with the cause which they were retained to support. In a certain sense women, even when they ape the character of demagogues, are logical, or at least consistent. An agitator of the stronger sex, though he may attack his adversaries, is ready to make terms with the objects of his animosity if anything is to be gained by a change of tone. Mr. GLADSTONE shared with Mr. FORSTER the ostensible hostility of the extreme party both in Ireland and the House of Commons, until he suddenly resolved to propitiate them by acceptance of their proposals and by professed reliance on their good will. His conversion was eagerly welcomed by the calculating enemies of the English connexion. They had probably no personal feeling against Mr. GLADSTONE, even when he was ostensibly opposed to their claims. The Ladies' Land League, on the other hand, in obeying the mandate to abuse Mr. GLADSTONE, shared the hatred to the representative of English authority which it was their mission to cultivate. After all that has happened Mr. FORSTER is, in Miss PARNELL's judgment, as bad as LEGREE, and Mr. GLADSTONE is little, or not at all, better than Mr. FORSTER. No value is attached to the judgment of an inconveniently candid child, but its revelations of the opinions privately expressed by its parents are at once accepted as authentic. Up to the present time, the extreme party in Ireland has at least passively encouraged murder, and one of its Parliamentary representatives expressed a wish for the assassination of the QUEEN. Miss PARNELL is evidently unable to believe in the professed objection of her friends to a crime which, in her opinion, was an ordinary and excusable result of Irish human nature. There is no doubt that they are to a certain extent in earnest when they condemn a crime which could do their cause nothing but harm. The Ladies' Land League has not yet understood that human nature prompts assassination only when there is something to be got by it. It is remarkable that the same value is attached to the declarations of the Land Leaguers by Mr. PARNELL's chosen friend and political ally, the notorious ROCHEFORT. The Communists of Paris openly applaud a deed which, by a venial mistake, they attribute to the authors or responsible promoters of many crimes of equal atrocity. Like Miss PARNELL, Continental anarchists assume that the murders at Dublin were as excusable as the assassination of Mrs. SMYTHE or of Lord ARDILAUN's bailiffs. One outrageous suggestion of ROCHEFORT's is original, and peculiar to himself. He argues, on data probably furnished by sympathetic Irish correspondents, that Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE were put to death by agents of disappointed landlords. On such a hypothesis the crime which had been excused and approved once more involves moral guilt.

Miss PARNELL's indiscreet deviation from the policy of the party which uses her as an instrument may perhaps raise some doubts as to the expediency of inviting women to take part in political agitation or activity. Single-minded enthusiasts for a principle, even if it involves the identity of murderous practices with human nature, are less versatile and more apt to come into contact with popular prejudice than their associates of the cooler and craftier sex. If women made speeches in Parliament, they would often betray party secrets through their unaffected

belief in doctrines which it might become expedient to repudiate and abandon. An excess of candour, though it may not be morally censurable, is troublesome to those whom it may probably compromise. Miss PARNELL's apologies for the course of action which has been pursued by the partisans of the Land League, and deliberately tolerated by its chiefs, may perhaps command the approval of those of her own sex who share her opinions. It will irritate and annoy Mr. GLADSTONE's new supporters; yet, if the head of the Ladies' Land League has patience, she may find that those who taught her the lesson of lawless violence will not improbably come round again to their former policy. American subscriptions to the cause of disorder are likely to dwindle when the former recipients affect to repose confidence in an English Government. The new measures for the preservation of life and property will, if they have any effect, thwart at every turn the efforts of the Land League. The No Rent proclamation in which the Kilmainham suspects directly recommended robbery, with full knowledge that it would be associated with outrage and murder, has not yet been recalled. The public protests against the last assassination have not induced a single witness to give information which might lead to the discovery of the murderers. Only one penitent priest has expressed regret for foul-mouthed abuse of Mr. BURKE uttered almost on the eve of the late catastrophe. It is perhaps not unnatural that a community which has regarded outrage and slaughter with complacency should feel a certain awkwardness in denouncing one murder among many. Miss PARNELL is incapable of similar inconsistency. Her letter is perhaps not less significant of the true spirit of the Land League than the capricious regret of the populace and its leaders; yet it is something to have secured even a momentary coincidence of Irish clamour with the cause of humanity and justice.

THE RADICAL APOLOGY.

ONE of the first and most natural thoughts which must have occurred to all persons interested in politics when the immediate shock of the news of Saturday's crime was past was curiosity as to the Radical defence. Curiosity as to the Radical explanation of the crime itself and the Radical proposals for future conduct there could be but little in any mind of tolerable experience. Any man accustomed to journalism, and studious of the politics of the day, could have written on Sunday afternoon, and sealed up in a serene certainty of having hit the mark, articles prophetic of those which appeared in the Radical journals on Monday. That the crime was dictated by rage at Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary success in dealing with Irish disaffection; that conciliation, after this striking proof of its efficacy, must be continued more vigorously than ever—these were the only and obvious resources of men who had been capable of bringing themselves and those who were guided by them into such a plight. The out-dried phrases which appeared in a hundred provincial journals, and which were subsequently quoted with pride as genuine expressions of mature provincial feeling, were also as clear beforehand to any moderately intelligent person as if he had seen them wet on the gum of Mr. SCHNADHORST's chromograph and ready for telegraphic transmission in centuplicate. But this did not exhaust the interest of the matter. The first—or, at latest, the second—exclamation of every one who heard the news showed where, in the unguarded and genuine estimation of hearers of every shade of politics, the blame lay; and it was not at all likely that those on whom it lay would be ignorant of this. They might feign indignant surprise or virtuous unconsciousness; they might, with more or less success, play the part of injured innocence; but they knew that every man in the kingdom save their own sectaries was expressing, in some form or other, the plain common-sense conclusion. The problem was to discover what measures they would take to clear themselves.

The event of Saturday struck the Radicals in a threefold fashion. In the first place, there was the point expressed with some crudity but much force by a casual traveller in a railway carriage on Sunday—"Won't FORSTER crow!" They had made a dead-set at the late Chief Secretary; they had, in a fashion so discreditable that many members of the party itself had cried "Shame!" caballed against him; they had succeeded in edging him out, though unluckily they had not succeeded in edging their own man

in. Now Mr. FORSTER was proved to be right in the most fearfully convincing manner. In the second place, there was the uncomfortable remembrance that for days and weeks a steady Radical onslaught had been made on Dublin Castle. Until that office, or collection of offices, was thoroughly cleared out no good could come to Ireland. Its officials must be got rid of; Irish ideas must be applied to the Castle. Now on Saturday the officials were got rid of and Irish ideas were applied to the Castle with a vengeance. The head of the whole organization—the “practical Governor of Ireland,” as his enemies called him—was “cleared out” in a manner as effective as the most ardent Radical could desire. It is quite certain that no English journal, and, it may be hoped, no English Radicals, wished this particular method of clearance to be adopted. But the party had been preaching for days and weeks to the most excitable and least scrupulous people in Europe that the Castle bureaucracy shamefully misrepresented and misgoverned them, that the misrepresenters and misgovernors must be clean swept away. Their hearers took them literally. They carried out their advice in the solid practical way which by this time ought to be tolerably well known as the Irish fashion of taking such advice. This was the second count of the indictment; the third was more general. It was simply that the new policy of Mr. GLADSTONE was an encouragement to outrage; that it not merely made outrage more difficult to detect or punish, but that by presenting a weak front it positively courted and invited it. These three charges—the charge of having driven from office the Minister who, with whatever errors of administrative detail, did at least represent the conviction of England and the English Government that Ireland, like any other dangerous animal, must be gripped fast and held tight; the charge of having directly hounded on the dogs of popular vengeance against the Castle; the charge of having encouraged Irish crime by the appearance of vacillation and faintheartedness inseparable from such a revolution as that of last week—these charges the Radicals had to meet. It is interesting to consider how they have met them.

To the second and heaviest of the counts it may almost be said that they have pleaded guilty; they have certainly not dared to plead not guilty. Indeed, the facts were too damning for that. Article after article had held the Castle up to popular odium, and the Irish had worked out the practical syllogism in the fashion of their country. To argue in so many words that retiring pensions, and not any sharper weapon, were the intended instruments of “clearing out” would have been almost too much, and it has not been attempted. Let it be hoped that remorse is felt; there is certainly room for it. Hardly more attempt has been made to excuse directly the set made against Mr. FORSTER; and, indeed, it is not excusable. That matter is judged, and the authors of the intrigue may be very thankful that the murderers of Mr. BURKE and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH have somewhat diverted popular attention from their exploit in backstairs politics. But on the question whether Mr. FORSTER has or has not been proved to be right by the event of Saturday, whether Mr. GLADSTONE’S surrender to the forces of disorder is or is not to be blamed for the crime—on these points the apologists have found their tongues. Here it is possible to darken counsel—possible, with plenty of good will on the part of the hearer and plenty of audacity on the part of the speaker, to make some kind of a defence, if only by stout denial. It is said triumphantly that the crime of Saturday must have been planned before the change in Ministerial policy, that all the coercive measures were in full force at the time, that it was in fact Mr. FORSTER’S régime, and not the new one, which was at once attacked and failed to defend or justify itself. Very well; let it be considered coolly what this plea amounts to. Mr. FORSTER’S régime had lasted for two years, and in its coercive form for fully one. Mr. BURKE had been the representative of the Castle for years, his habits had been known to every Dublin carman, his refusal of police protection was notorious, and had been so for months. Yet reasonable people are asked to believe that, by one of those coincidences of Satanic spite on the part of Fortune which seem to be the lot of Mr. GLADSTONE’S Government, the plot which might have been matured and carried out all this time did not actually mature till four days after Mr. FORSTER had been dethroned, till some hours after a general feeling of security and truce had been produced by Mr. GLADSTONE’S alliance with Mr. PARNELL, till Mr. FORSTER was succeeded by a person not identified with his

policy at all, and till there was, according to the arguers’ contention, nothing to gain and everything to lose. If this is a coincidence, it is certainly one of the most wonderful in history. Besides, it is well to point out that these unlucky apologists are lodging contradictory pleas. The immediate motive of the crime, they say at one moment, was to dissolve the new alliance between Mr. GLADSTONE and the moderate Irish party for the benefit of the extremists. The crime, they urge in the next breath, has nothing to do with the new alliance at all, was an arranged matter long before Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave Mr. FORSTER the celebrated *croc en jambe*, and is a mere fruit of the old coercion policy. This will hardly do, and they must be respectfully asked to choose one plea or the other. But, they say, the crime at least shows how ineffective Mr. FORSTER’S scheme, which had not yet been altered, was. Now in the first place, it is asserted on apparently good authority that Mr. FORSTER’S scheme had been altered in several important points; in the second place, no one can be blind to the moral effect of such a proceeding as Mr. GLADSTONE’S in relaxing the vigilance of subordinates; in the third, no anti-Radical has ever contended that the previous coercion of the Government was severe enough, but quite the reverse. Even, therefore, on that comparatively small part of the question which the Radicals have chosen to fight, their apology is hopelessly weak. On other parts they attempt no apology at all—they let judgment go by default. That judgment is, on the whole case, this:—That the Radical party has recently caballed against and overthrown a Minister who at least understood the right way to deal with Ireland, if he did not follow that way very vigorously; that it has goaded on Irish indignation against the Castle—that is to say, against Mr. BURKE; that the policy which it recommended, involving, as it did, a capitulation and a retreat, infallibly tended to encourage the wilder spirits among the enemy; that, finally, on all these grounds it is guilty, as accessory before the fact, of the murders.

MINISTERS AND THE CLÔTURE.

THE *Times* of Monday contained an announcement which must have been exceedingly welcome to a large number of Liberal members. Their readiness to sacrifice their independence had been accepted in place of the offering itself, and the Government which had so long talked of nothing but forcing the clôtûre through the House of Commons at any cost to itself or to its supporters, had suddenly consented to accept Mr. GIBSON’S amendment. It was inevitable that this statement should be contradicted as soon as made. But the contradiction is of a kind that comes to very little. Whatever may be the intention of the Government in relation to the clôtûre, it is very unlikely that they would give their surrender the superfluous air of completeness with which a humble acceptance of an Opposition amendment would invest it. Supposing that the Government had really made up their minds to keep the ingenious safeguards which small, as distinct from large, minorities are supposed to find in the provisions of the First Resolution, and to add thereto the protection afforded to a large minority by Mr. GIBSON’S proposal, they would not wait until that amendment was put from the Chair, and then declare their willingness to accept it. Some time before Mr. GIBSON’S amendment came up for discussion, the Government would take occasion to explain the course they proposed to follow with regard to the clôtûre. When this explanation had been given, it would be found that in all essentials it presented a striking likeness to the amendment standing in Mr. GIBSON’S name. In this way the announcement in the *Times* would be proved true in substance, while the contradiction would be proved true in form. What has not been denied, however, is that on Saturday certain Liberal members laid before Mr. GLADSTONE their objections to the First Resolution in its present shape, and obtained from him an assurance that in this particular shape it would not be pressed. At that moment the need for some kind of compromise was very apparent. The Government were still bent upon disposing of the Procedure Resolutions before dealing with the affairs of Ireland; and the pace at which the discussion would travel would mainly depend on what concessions the Government might make in reference to the First Resolution. If the clôtûre by a bare majority was insisted on, it was hard to say when the

decisive division would be taken. If the *clôture* by a bare majority were waived, the debate might be disposed of in a week. Mr. GLADSTONE showed a just appreciation of the significance of Mr. FORSTER's warning to Ministers not to postpone the declaration of their Irish policy. That warning may be supposed to have made a deep impression upon many members on the Liberal side of the House, and the only means by which they could be reconciled to the determination of the Government to get the Procedure Resolutions passed before introducing their new Irish measures was such a modification of the First Resolution as would ensure its being passed rapidly.

The terrible event of Saturday deprived this compromise of its meaning. It became at once apparent that it was no longer open to the Government to delay the introduction of one at least of the Bills they had proposed to hold in reserve, and the introduction of this Bill involved the postponement of the Procedure Resolutions. On the most sanguine estimate it is scarcely possible that the Irish Bills which Ministers promised in both Houses on Monday can be passed in time to allow of the *clôture* being again debated this year. The necessary business of Supply must go on, even in an Irish Session, and the Government will probably have enough to do to find time for this in the intervals of repressive and remedial legislation. The revolution which was to be the indispensable preliminary to all useful legislation drops out of the Notice-paper, unmourned even by its parents. This is not an ending which does any credit to the Government which is responsible for it. Ministers undertook at the beginning of the Session to deal with an acknowledged evil; and, though they may have exaggerated the extent of that evil, they were only the more bound not to leave it longer unremedied. There were two precautions which, if they had really had the conduct of public business at heart, they would certainly have observed. They would have taken the undisputed changes in procedure before the disputed ones, and they would have made the disputed changes as little obnoxious as possible. Upon the propriety of nearly all the Resolutions after the First there was very little difference of opinion. No section of the House honestly thinks that freedom of debate would be put in peril by the prohibition of motions of adjournment at question time, or of any other of the numerous forms which impede, instead of furthering, the thorough consideration of the question actually before the House. Consequently, if the Resolution establishing the *clôture* had been placed last in the series instead of first, the greater part of the Ministerial proposals might long ago have been carried. Even if the Government were set upon introducing the *clôture*, it need not have been the *clôture* by a bare majority. The great body of the objections alleged against the First Resolution have been aimed not at the *clôture* in general, but at the particular form of the *clôture* which Ministers regarded as the only orthodox form. If the *clôture* by a two-thirds majority had been included in the original scheme, it is quite possible that it might by this time have been adopted. Nothing would have been heard of Mr. MARRIOTT's amendment, nothing of Mr. GIBSON's or Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's, nothing probably of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's. The explanation probably is that, unless the *clôture* admitted of being applied, in case of need, to silence the regular Opposition, the Government did not care to be at the trouble of carrying it through the House of Commons. Now that they have discovered that the feeling against the *clôture* by a bare majority is strong enough in their own party to necessitate some kind of compromise, it is highly likely that this singular project will never make its way out of that limbo of abortive measures to which it has just been consigned.

It is possible that the Government were really misled as to the extent of the dislike to the *clôture* by a bare majority which existed among their own supporters. The division on Mr. MARRIOTT's amendment was very well calculated to give them false hopes. In the form in which it was put to the House, it had a claim on the support of every member who was not opposed to the idea of *clôture* in any shape whatever. Ministers were probably confirmed in their error by the extraordinary and suspicious unanimity of the Liberal newspapers throughout the country. This is the second occasion on which the event has shown that the provincial press does not always represent provincial opinion. The divergence between the two was strikingly shown in connexion with the BRADLAUGH case. To judge from the newspapers, there

was not a Liberal constituency that was not burning to avenge Mr. BRADLAUGH's wrongs. From one end of England to the other the action of the House of Commons was denounced as unconstitutional, illegal, an unworthy concession to religious passion, and the like. If these journals really represented the state of Liberal feeling in the districts in which they are published, it would hardly have been possible for so many Liberal members to disregard the wishes of the Liberal electorate. They would not have ventured to vote against the Government in a matter in which the Government and their constituents were at one. The large defection from the Ministerial side, which each division on the BRADLAUGH case showed, was indirect evidence that this was a matter on which the Government and their constituents were not at one. The natural conclusion was that, in this respect at all events, the Liberal newspapers in the country did not fairly represent Liberal opinion. Very much the same thing has happened with regard to the *clôture*. There has been an equally unanimous feeling in the press, and an equal want of unanimity in the House of Commons. For weeks together the *clôture* by a bare majority is proclaimed as the one thing that can save the House of Commons, and then, as soon as the appearance of an Irish crisis gives them the opportunity, a certain number of Liberal members go to the PRIME MINISTER and convince him that, if he wishes to escape defeat, he will do well not to press the *clôture* in its present form. The inconsistency is not perhaps surprising. The Liberal newspaper in each town is naturally very apt to take its opinions from those of the local party managers, and the local party managers usually draw their inspiration from that central bureau by which the approved Radical view upon every question is transmitted to all parts of the kingdom at once.

THE WHIGS AND MR. GLADSTONE.

ONE of the many evil consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE's revolutionary temper is the gradual alienation from the cause which he unfortunately represents of the great mass of moderate Liberals, and of their representatives the Whig aristocracy. It is certain that Lord FITZWILLIAM expresses the opinions and anticipates the course of almost all the members of his order who have hitherto belonged to the same party. Nearly ninety years ago his grandfather, bearing the same title, was, in common with a large section of the Whigs, driven by the reckless violence of Fox into a precisely similar course. It is true that the Lord FITZWILLIAM of that day soon resumed his former political connexion, and that the motives and causes of the secession proved to be comparatively superficial. The temporary support accorded by the majority of the Whigs relieved the Government from serious opposition by conferring absolute power on PITT, and appeased the panic which had been created by Fox and by his scanty band of adherents. When the danger of revolution had passed away, former divisions of parties naturally reappeared, and the great majority of the hereditary Whigs, reinforced by the GRENVILLES, opposed the Government down to the time of the Reform Bill. When the country at last came round to their opinions, they were rewarded for their consistency by a preponderating share of political power and official employment. Every Whig Cabinet was selected from an aristocratic body which gradually dwindled into an oligarchy; and it was said that at one time Lord JOHN RUSSELL and all his colleagues were descendants of a common ancestress, who flourished in the last century. Lord PALMERSTON, himself a patrician by birth and by sentiment, forced for himself, not without difficulty, admission into the privileged circle. Down to the time of his death, the Radicals struggled in vain for a share in the control of Liberal policy. Lord PALMERSTON contrived to defeat successive projects of new Reform Bills, and he steadily repressed the agitation for the Ballot. After his death Mr. GLADSTONE was enabled by his own energy and by a fatal blunder of Mr. DISRAELI's to prepare, by the institution of household suffrage in the boroughs, the way to his own personal supremacy. The subsequent introduction of the Ballot weakened or abolished the influence of rank and property; and during Mr. GLADSTONE's first Administration his restless and destructive activity began more and more to alarm the Whigs, who had been compelled against their will to recognize him as their chief.

The reaction of 1874 indicated the suspicion and dislike which Mr. GLADSTONE had already provoked; and it was with undisguised satisfaction that, on his supposed retirement, the Whigs recognized in Lord HARTINGTON a typical leader of the party. The disastrous outbreak of the war between Turkey and Russia, which had been strenuously promoted by Mr. GLADSTONE, once more raised him to the summit of popularity and power. Although the House of Commons gave a patriotic support to Lord BEACONSFIELD, Mr. GLADSTONE commanded the enthusiastic devotion of the multitude. The Whig families ought to have foreseen the risk of conferring supreme power on the impetuous favourite of the populace; but they could not resist the temptation of co-operating with the Radicals on issues which had no natural relation to political opinion. At the general election they stood side by side with colleagues of extreme opinions, having persuaded themselves, as Lord FITZWILLIAM admits, that Lord HARTINGTON's speeches expressed the opinions and purposes of the party. The disruption of a political connexion which has lasted long enough to become historical involves a heavy personal sacrifice. A RUSSELL or a CAVENDISH must be deeply convinced of the errors of his party before he will break with the traditions of his family. Mr. GLADSTONE's incendiary speeches in Midlothian and elsewhere had sufficiently warned disinterested Liberals of the dangers in which his ambition was likely to involve the party and the country; but it was for the moment more convenient and agreeable to assume that Lord HARTINGTON would direct the policy of the new Government. They have since learned that he is himself either a convert to democratic doctrines or an undiscreminating supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE.

As might be expected, Radical journalists sneer at Lord FITZWILLIAM's announcement of his secession, and some of them affect to consider his letter as a reproduction of the speech of Mr. FORSTER. It is true that the protest expresses the opinion not of a statesman or of a man of personal celebrity; but Lord FITZWILLIAM is fully competent to appreciate the risks to which public institutions and private rights are exposed by the reckless policy of Mr. GLADSTONE. The latest scandal of submission to the BIGGARS and HEALYS of the House of Commons is also the most unpardonable of Mr. GLADSTONE's eccentricities. Capricious disregard of all the rules of statesmanship and public morality could not be more conspicuously illustrated than by the sudden alliance of the Government with the Land League. It is more than probable that the atrocious murder committed in Dublin may bring to a head the dissatisfaction which already prevailed. It may be true that there is no logical connexion between the crime which is repudiated by the leaders of the Land League and the effect on Mr. GLADSTONE's mind of the outrages committed by their adherents and not discouraged by themselves; but a widely-spread and well-founded political opinion ripens rapidly in a time of excited feeling. The liberated Land Leaguers display their characteristic audacity in their not improbable assumption that the Phoenix Park murderers were aliens, or, in other words, Americanized Irishmen. They cannot deny that the Land League has been almost exclusively supported by American contributions, or that Mr. PARNELL and his lieutenants have used their utmost efforts to cultivate the hostility of the American Irish to England. None of them expressed dissatisfaction or dissent from the bloodthirsty declamations of such miscreants as O'DONOVAN ROSSA. The same fund which has furnished resources to the Land League may perhaps have supplied the means of hiring the assassins of the Phoenix Park.

The Land Leaguers have at all times stimulated the insolent claim of American politicians for the entire or partial immunity to citizens of the United States for political offences committed in Ireland. The orators at the Cooper Institute, including Mr. CONKLING and General GRANT, who lately insisted on the liberation or immediate trial of the American suspects, were endeavouring to promote the policy of the Land League. If the Dublin assassins were discovered and convicted, the American friends of the Land League would, if they were consistent, urge any technical objection to the proceedings which they might happen to discover. The managers in Ireland on at least one occasion employed counsel to defend a murderer who was notoriously guilty. From the first no one in England or Ireland suspected Mr. PARNELL or his Parliamentary colleagues either of complicity in the crime or of subsequent approval; but one of the victims was a frequent

object of their vituperation. When "the Castle" was denounced as the baneful cause of half the miseries of Ireland, the Land League orators intended their attacks for Mr. BURKE. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his indiscriminate sacrifice of principle and consistency, encouraged the complaints of his new allies, by undertaking that "the Castle"—or, in other words, the Under-Secretary's office—should be reorganized in accordance with the popular wish, as soon as he might have leisure for the task. The clamorous patriots had no design against the life of Mr. BURKE, but they did their utmost to hold him up to popular odium.

The crime which has shocked even the habitual apologists of disorder will probably accelerate the inevitable secession from Mr. GLADSTONE's party of many of his Whig supporters. His own sudden change of policy would furnish a better reason for revolt; but, at a moment of universal irritation and alarm, desertion from the Ministerial ranks would probably escape general condemnation. The double murder will be generally associated with the long series of outrages which frightened the Government into surrender. There is no reason to believe that the temper of the Irish malcontents has in any degree improved. A few days ago a resident in the country, attacked by an assassin who aimed a revolver at his body, succeeded in killing his assailant. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the peaceable subject who had merely defended his own life. Perhaps a similar insult would have been offered to Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE if they had had the opportunity of resisting the murderers. The perverse jurymen who deliberately sanctioned an attempt to murder represented the state of society in Ireland more accurately than the emissaries who were probably hired to kill two innocent officials in Dublin; but agrarian outrages are too common to impress the popular imagination. It seems impossible that moderate Liberals can continue their alliance with the section of the Cabinet which opened the doors of Kilmainham, and which forced Lord COWPER and Mr. FORSTER out of office; but it is a great national misfortune that social and political lines of division should tend to coincide. All the wealth, all the love of order, and all the higher intelligence of the country will soon be on one side; but it remains to be seen whether the Liberal Associations and the mass of voters may not be strong enough to outvote the guardians of national interest and honour.

MR. PEASE'S BILL.

MR. PEASE has used his discretion wisely in not giving a wider scope to his Bill to amend the law in respect to capital punishment. The advocates of the total abolition of the penalty of death ought to have some understanding with the class of persons whose lives they wish to save. There have of late been several murders of peculiar atrocity; and a public which has the trials of LEFROY and LAMSON fresh in its recollection is not likely to look favourably on any measure which might make the consequences of such crimes at all less unpleasant to those who commit them. Before a Bill for the abolition of capital punishment can have much chance of passing, the persons whom it is designed to benefit should be specially cautioned to murder in the gentlest possible way. Of late they have been guilty of the very great blunder of attracting public sympathy to their victims rather than to themselves.

A legislator who confines himself to finding fault with the existing law relating to murder has not much difficulty in making out a case. The number of reprieves annually granted by the Home Secretary are in themselves evidence that there is something wrong about the definition of the crime. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated on Wednesday that the number of capital sentences carried into effect had largely diminished of late years; and that in 1880 out of twenty-eight persons condemned to death only thirteen were executed. The majority, at all events, of the persons thus reprieved were not interesting murderers in whose behalf the intervention of the HOME SECRETARY had been ardently invoked by petitions and newspaper correspondence, but murderers whose guilt was of that technical or modified sort which naturally secures a recommendation to mercy from the jury and a favourable mention from the judge. In other words, there was never any real intention that the sentence should be carried out. Penal servitude for life was as certain to be the punishment

ultimately inflicted as if it had been embodied in the original sentence. It is plain that this is not a satisfactory state of things. A sentence of death necessarily loses something of its terror every time that it is not put in execution. What has moved the Home Secretary to mercy in the case of one criminal may move him in the case of another. Few men, probably, determine beforehand that their crime shall be of that specially heinous character which marks it out as beyond hope of mercy. They are rather inclined to argue that what has saved the neck of the last criminal who has escaped execution may equally avail to save theirs. Mr. PEASE proposes to introduce greater certainty of punishment, and to relieve the Secretary of State of a burdensome and ungrateful function by drawing a distinction between two varieties of murder. Murder in the first degree he defines as "murder committed deliberately with express malice aforethought, or committed in or with a view to the commission of an attempt to commit, or with a view to escape, or to enable any person to escape after committing, certain grave crimes." As regards persons convicted of murder in the first degree the capital penalty is retained. As regards persons convicted of murder in the second degree—which is not defined, but must be taken to include all homicides not included under murders in the first degree—that would now be called murder—the penalty is commuted to penal servitude or imprisonment. The merit claimed for this distinction between murders is that it would give greater certainty to the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law. At present that penalty is not inflicted on more than half the persons convicted of murder; consequently, every man may hope that his will be one of the cases to which the Secretary of State will give merciful consideration. Mr. PEASE contends that if his Bill becomes law, the cases in which the Home Secretary now commutes the capital sentence will be cases of murder in the second degree; while the cases in which he declines to recommend any commutation of the sentence will be cases of murder in the first degree. The uncertainty which now surrounds the infliction of capital punishment will thus be removed. Men will know that every man convicted of murder in the first degree will assuredly be hanged, and they will no longer be encouraged in the commission of the crime by the hope that the Secretary of State may see something in their case which takes it out of the category of ordinary murders.

Nobody can doubt that a Bill which ensured this result would effect an improvement in the law of murder. What is less certain is that this result would really be ensured by Mr. PEASE'S Bill. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL argues that if in all cases of murder in the first degree the sentence were allowed to take its course there would be great practical hardship. He is not at all content with the distinction which the Bill sets up between one kind of murder and another. The Bill does not deal, for example, with constructive murder. If three men go out poaching and one of them shoots a keeper, all three will be guilty of murder in the first degree. Again, the effect of the act will still in certain cases be taken as the test of murder, and not the intent with which it was done. Thus a man who sets fire to his house in order to defraud the insurance office and unintentionally causes the death of his children will be guilty of murder in the first degree, though he may have risked his life in order to save them. Yet these are precisely the class of cases in which the Secretary of State would commute the capital penalty. Further, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL objects to the introduction of the words "deliberately with express malice aforethought." They are just the words to confuse a jury, and to lead them to let off men who richly deserve to be hanged because the intention to commit the murder was rapidly conceived, or because the consequences of the crime were not precisely those which the criminal had intended. In the case, for example, of a man intending to poison A. and giving the dose by mistake to B., no reasonable person will contend that he ought not to be hanged. And as Mr. PEASE means his Bill to be taken, there is no doubt that he would be hanged. But a scrupulous jury, or a jury with a slight smattering of legal knowledge, might go very wrong upon the interpretation of the words "with express malice aforethought." He did not mean, they might argue, to kill B., and consequently he could not have been actuated by any express malice against him. It is true he did kill B., but then he killed him without meaning to do it, so that here the express malice aforethought

was plainly wanting. This is just the kind of argument which might lead twelve well-meaning but not very intelligent men to disregard the warnings of counsel and the rulings of judges, and to find the offender guilty of murder in the second degree.

That the crimes now roughly brought together under the name of murder need to be more accurately classified is obvious; but in spite of the high authorities which can be quoted in support of the phrase "murder in the second degree," it is to be hoped that it will not be adopted. If it is adopted there is great reason to fear that it will serve very much the same purpose as the "extenuating circumstances" which do so much harm in France. A jury is not often prepared to say that a crime is something less than murder when it is unmistakably murder. But it does not follow that a jury will be equally unwilling to say that a crime is murder in the second degree when it is unmistakably murder in the first degree. Their consciences may be satisfied by a verdict of murder, while their dislike to capital punishment will be gratified by a verdict of murder in the second degree. The distinction proposed in Mr. PEASE'S Bill would only perpetuate by statute the division of murders into capital and non-capital offences, which he rightly finds fault with when it is created by the action of the Home Secretary. What is wanted is that murder should be indissolubly associated with the penalty of death; and, in order to create this association, it is of the utmost moment that the name should not be given to offences which do not carry this penalty with them. If murder in the second degree is a homicide committed without deliberation or express malice aforethought, it is not what is commonly understood by murder; and if it is not what is commonly understood by murder, and is not to be punished with the same severity as murder, there is no use in calling it murder. What it should be called is a point that cannot be well determined until the portion of the Criminal Code which deals with homicide is under discussion. The whole controversy raised by Mr. PEASE'S essay in legislation will be most conveniently put aside until that time comes.

FARMERS AND THE EDUCATION RATE.

MR. YORKE'S attack upon the incidence and amount of the Education rate was cleverly framed to catch supporters from all sides. Had the forms of the House allowed the motion to be put, this ingenuity on the part of its author might have received its reward in the division. Even as it was, Mr. FRETCH declared that he should have voted in its favour if he had had the opportunity; and when the Radical member for a Metropolitan borough supports a Conservative county member in an attack upon the cost of School Boards, the net cast by the resolution must be admitted to inclose a great multitude of fishes. The debate, however, suffered from the cause by which the division would have gained. It is difficult to say whether it was most concerned with the amount of local taxation or with the quality of the education given in School Board schools. At times that inscrutable abyss in which owner and occupier are for ever struggling to adjust their mutual burden was once more opened to the gaze of the House of Commons. At another time that equally dark problem whether the parent or the community have most interest in a child's schooling seemed on the eve of being at last threshed out. It is consoling to a county member to have an opportunity of airing his own and his constituents' grievances; and from this point of view Mr. YORKE was certainly successful. Should he attempt to obtain substantial redress for the sufferers whose cause he has taken up, he will do well to make his indictment against the existing order of things a little less comprehensive.

The weakest part of Mr. YORKE'S case is the failure of the assurances given by the Government in the debates on the Act of 1870. The Ministers who declared that the Education rate would rarely exceed 3*d.* in the pound were merely prophesying without knowing. No data were then in existence upon which such a declaration could be founded. Indeed the Government had no business to say anything about the amount of the Education rate. What it might have done with much advantage was to define with greater precision what is understood by elementary

education. Parliament was not asked to give the children of the poor as much elementary instruction as could be got for a rate of 3d. in the pound; it was asked to give the necessary minimum of elementary instruction for the lowest cost at which it was to be had. If it has turned out that this cost is very much larger than it was expected to be, no one is really the sufferer by the Ministerial blunder. There was no disposition in 1870 to shrink from any outlay that might be required to make elementary education universal. In so far, however, as the amount of the rate is due to the fact that the education given in elementary schools is something more than elementary, those who have to pay the enhanced charge have a genuine case against the Legislature. There are two very important questions connected with education to which Parliament has never given a distinct or adequate answer. What ought properly to be included in the term elementary education is one of these questions; whether the community ought to bear any part of the cost of providing secondary education is the other. So long as these points are left in uncertainty, persons interested in education will naturally try to give as much secondary instruction as they can under the plea of improving elementary instruction, and this will always be found a costly as well as an unsatisfactory process. The ratepayer will go on paying more than he thinks is just, and getting less than he ought to get for what he pays. One reason, however, why the cost of elementary education in country districts is sometimes so unduly high is not beyond the reach of legislation even while these thorny questions remain unsettled. For the purposes of educational taxation, each parish, however small it may be, has a School Board of its own, if it has one at all. This multiplication of School Boards involves a certain amount of expense in the way of salaries and elections; the education of a few children is more costly in proportion than that of a larger number; and in a small parish the ratepayers are few, and the burden on each of them is consequently heavy. An obvious cure for these evils would be to make the Union the educational unit; but before adopting this plan the ratepayers in rural districts will do well to look at it all round. There can be little doubt that one reason why voluntary schools continue to hold their own against School Board schools is the retention, where education is concerned, of each parish as an independent community. Wherever a sufficient amount of school accommodation is provided in a voluntary school, the ratepayers of a country parish are for the most part more than willing to leave matters as they are. They are not obliged to have a School Board, and, being without a School Board, they have no Board school. If, instead of being for educational purposes a unit of itself, the parish were one of many parishes making up a larger unit, a School Board would become a necessity. This, that, and the other parish in a Union may be sufficiently provided with voluntary schools, but the cases in which all the parishes in a Poor-law Union are thus provided will be very few. No matter in what part of the Union the deficiency is, a School Board would have to be elected by all the ratepayers in the Union, and the cost of the schools maintained by it would be distributed with equal impartiality. In this way a new grievance would at once be substituted for the present grievance. The parishes from which the complaint now comes would find their burden lessened because it would be shared by all the parishes in the Union. But then the parishes which now pay nothing would have to pay their share like their neighbours. If they gained anything in return for the new demand thus made on them, the arrangement would be perfectly fair. But from the nature of the case there would be nothing for them to gain. They have no need of a Board school, because all that they want in the way of education is provided for them in the voluntary school. If they have to pay an Education rate, it will be simply a rate in aid of other parishes. If Mr. SCLATER BOOTH is right in thinking that School Board schools will ultimately displace voluntary schools, there will then be no reason for retaining the parish as the educational unit. It must be remembered, however, that during the eleven years for which the Education Act has been in force, the tendency has been all the other way, so that the well-founded objection to making a parish which educates its children by voluntary effort contribute to the rates of a neighbouring parish which educates its children at the public cost is not likely soon to lose its force.

The plea that the farmer is twice mulcted by the Education Acts—once in the rate he has to pay and once in the labour which he is no longer able to command—is partly reasonable and partly unreasonable. In so far as the farmer is no longer able to tempt parents to deny their children education by offering them a trifle for such services as they are able to render him, he is only a sufferer in the way that any one is a sufferer who has accidentally been a gainer by bad customs or by the absence of useful legislation, and finds the customs abolished or the legislation supplied. But the farmer has a further ground of complaint. He has to pay for the education of the children in his parish, and he finds that they are in no way better labourers than they were when they went without education. If education has the advantages which are popularly attributed to it, he has good reason to expect that among these advantages will be included greater industry and greater intelligence on the part of those who receive it. By general consent this improvement is not found among agricultural labourers. The education they receive in the elementary school does not make them more expert at farm work. The reason of this is that elementary education in this country is altogether dissociated from technical instruction. The education that a country lad receives in a village school is identical with that which a town lad receives in a town school; whereas, when once the rudiments common to all branches of education have been mastered, the instruction given in each school should, as far as possible, be varied to meet the special wants of the children who attend it. At present the farmer grumbles if a boy is not able to gain the certificate exempting him from further attendance at school by the time he is ten years old. Nor is it wonderful that he does grumble. If the boy stays at school till he is thirteen, he will probably learn nothing that will make him a more useful labourer than he will be if he leaves school as soon as he is physically able to go to work. What is wanted is a system by which the ordinary school routine shall be supplemented, not by the Fourth Schedule, but by the rudiments of that technical instruction which is calculated to make a boy a really clever labourer. If the later years of a country boy's school life were spent in this way, they would not seem, as they do now, so much sheer loss in the way of labour. The intelligent farmer would know that the boy who stayed at school till he was thirteen would in the long run be better worth his wages than the boy who had left school at ten. If once this conviction could be created in the minds of the better sort of agricultural employers, the main obstacle to the spread of education in country parishes would be in a fair way to being removed.

LES BAUX.

THIS curious and interesting place, which lies some miles from any main road or railway, may conveniently be visited either from Tarascon, Arles, Avignon, or Aix. The nearest of these points of departure is Tarascon, where, however, the hotel accommodation cannot be called altogether luxurious, and where the fast trains do not stop. As the same objections apply to Arles, and as Aix is quite out of the way of ordinary travellers, it is perhaps best to go from Avignon, although the distance is greater by a few kilometres. Whichever way is chosen, the road at the beginning is exactly the same—a broad, well-kept *chemin communal*, a dazzling white road, deep with dust. There are avenues of plane trees, with white bark, at intervals; their trunks, at the height of nine or ten feet, have all got a "kink" in the same direction, which is due to the mistral; and their leaves, even in April, are covered with white dust. Few houses are passed, and these are white, with small windows and green *jalousies*, carefully closed in all weathers. At the back of each stand great solid stone outhouses, a survival of the old times when every house, even every church, in Provence—outside a walled city—had to be a fortress. Along the roadside and across the fields run deep ditches, carefully kept, crossed from time to time by little stone bridges—*ponceaux* and *passerelles*; they are not ditches for drainage, but for irrigation; and at certain times one may see a copious stream of water flowing along them, and diverted right and left in rivulets. In the fields are broad patches of corn, already, in early April, two feet high; between them pollard mulberry trees, with their first leaves of tender yellow-green; cypresses in straight rows, their black leaves streaked with dust; and orchards of olives, with twisted trunks and grey leaves, looking dry, thirsty, and old. One meets few wayfarers; here and there a country cart, long and narrow, balanced on a pair of wheels, the driver asleep, and in the middle, just over the wheels, Madame, with no bonnet and a Provençal headdress of black and white, knitting as she goes. At intervals there is a roadside auberge, with a couple of *fusains* planted in green tubs to give it

a rural appearance. It is a dry, hot, dusty country; and the brown-skinned rustics look hot and thirsty. On the left, if one starts from Tarascon, it is a flat country; but on the right there lies a long chain of low hills. They are "Les Alpines," and it is among these hills that we have to find Les Baux.

We presently leave the main road, and drive for half an hour along a rough cross-country lane, making straight for the hills through orchards of olive, mulberry, peach, and apple, until we reach the slopes, where the vegetation suddenly ceases and the road begins to wind slowly upwards among a labyrinth of valleys or combs. It is now an excellent road, newly constructed, and intended, one would suppose, for the traffic of a great commercial centre, yet we meet no one, and there is neither cart nor carriage except our own. The hills are at first extraordinarily bare and arid; the rocks of Aden and Ascension are hardly more destitute of vegetation; but, as the road mounts higher, clumps of wild lavender and tufts of gorse and heather show upon the slopes. There is a strange and silent solitude about these hills; no tinkling of sheep-bells, as one would hear among English hills; no singing of lark or cry of any bird. There are no hanging woods upon the hillsides to shelter birds; there is not a single tree in any of the long valleys which lie among the hills in graceful curves; one looks for the ripple of the mountain stream and the splash of the little brook leaping down the stones; but there are no streams among "Les Alpines," and therefore no woods, no bushes, no grass, no shady places with ferns and green mosses. The valleys are in shape like the valleys of Manaton and Lustleigh as they descend from the feet of the Dartmoor Tors; but they lack the Becky and Bovey, and their slopes are all as barren and as stony as the southern slope of Lustleigh Cleve. No one lives among these hills; nothing is done here; there are no flocks, there is no game; there are no wolves even; there are, the driver says grimly, nothing but snakes. But there is every variety of hill; you see long lines of hog's-backs, rounded tops, bold bluffs, jagged rocks, steep precipices, and curves of endless variety and beauty always new. And as the road continues to ascend, and the solitude strikes the traveller more and more, still the wonder grows why a great stronghold, such as Les Baux, should have been planted in a place so remote from the foot of man.

At last the highest point in the road is fairly gained. The hills have now become green, and they are crowned with rocks which, like Hounter Tor, look from a distance exactly like ruined castles; the valleys too are green, and look as if rain sometimes fell upon them. One expects to find a castle planted on a hilltop, with slopes of soft turf all round it; nothing prepares for the surprise which here awaits you. In order to avoid a steep "bit," the rock has been cut straight through, like the Wych at Malvern, and on passing through the portal the traveller finds himself at the head of a circular valley, called the "Vallée d'Enfer," covered with tumbled rocks. They are not boulders, like the well-known "grey wethers," but huge rocks, thirty, forty, or fifty feet high, lying piled upon one another as if carelessly tossed into the place by Gargantua himself—the giant, not the king—in playful mood. A very pretty effect is produced by a little square clearing at the bottom of the valley. Here peaches and mulberries have been planted, the blossoms and leaves of which, on the April day on which we looked down upon them, made a strange contrast with the grey rocks around. The road winds round the edge of this basin, and at the other side of it we see, covering the slope and summit of the hill, the castle and town of Les Baux. We also perceive that the excellent road so carefully cut in the hillside had a purpose, after all, because the "Vallée d'Enfer" is a quarry with stone enough in it to rebuild Paris, and the road was constructed for the removal of the blocks. Little can be made of Les Baux at this distance, except that we see a hillside covered with tumbled rocks and a hill-top with more rocks, which, like those we have already passed, look like ruined towers. But as we draw nearer the rocks resolve themselves into houses built of stone, and walls, towers, chambers, and substructures. The carriage stops at a little café called "A la Cabeladuro d'Or," over the gateway of which is written, "Intrado de l'oustria," and we remember that we are in the land of the Langue d'Oc.

Les Baux is a deserted village, and the Auburn of Provence. It is a kind of mediæval Pompeii; few of its buildings are of earlier or later date than the sixteenth century. It was once a city of wealthy and prosperous people; they built themselves stately houses, which still remain; it is now the home of a few families who live by quarrying among the rocks. It consists of three or four steep and narrow streets going straight up the hillside; they are not intended for wheeled vehicles; there is no trottoir; there are no ruts; there is not even a gutter; the road is simply a narrow slope of rock. The houses on either side are regularly built of massive stone quarried from the hill itself; you may go into them, if you please, because nobody lives in them. The doors are open day and night, the shutters are gone; some of the stairs are broken away; some of the roofs have fallen in; some of the walls have toppled over; yet for the most part the houses are still standing as perfect as when they were first erected. Among them you may see window-frames finely worked in stone, arches with carved work, coats-of-arms, vaulted substructures. On one window finely sculptured is the well-known Huguenot motto, "Post tenebras lux," with the date 1571; so that on the very eve of Bartholomew there was one Huguenot, at least, who had the courage of his convictions. It is probable that before the fifteenth or sixteenth century the citizens of Les Baux all lived within the precincts of the castle, just as, until the same

period, the people of Villeneuve l'Avignon lived within the walls of their castle, which was itself a parish. When the better class in Les Baux began to live outside the fortress, they built for themselves, of the rock upon which they stood, houses of stone which should endure. The builders and their descendants have long since gone away. But of their old houses two hundred and more still stand; some twenty among them are inhabited; and, were it not for the quarries which give employment to the scanty remnant, the town would become as deserted as Pompeii. When it was visited, in 1835, by Prosper Mérimée, he found, he says, no other inhabitants in the place except half a dozen beggars. One hardly sees how the beggars could have lived, because the visitors are few indeed. There is, however, little difference between the half-dozen of forty years ago and the two hundred of the present day; and, when one wanders about the empty streets and climbs the stairs of the deserted houses, once filled by a busy population, the silence and desertion of the place are felt almost as much.

Above the town, covering a vast area, are the ruins of the castle, which has not a single resident, not even the customary guardian of the "Monument Historique." The most remarkable feature of this stronghold is the way in which the rock has been used in its construction. Towers, chambers, vaults, stables, mangers, have been simply cut out of the rock; the cut stones and the rock are so mixed up that it is not easy to tell, without close inspection, where the masonry begins and the rock ends. It was a strong place, occupying a splendid position; but, in consequence of the way in which walls and towers were heaped up and piled upon one another when the castle was blown up by gunpowder, it is very difficult to seize the plan of the fortress. Perhaps some one among the visitors who have wandered about these ruins may have taken the trouble to draw a plan; but, without such a survey, the reconstruction, or even the comprehension, of the place is impossible. On all sides the rock is steep and inaccessible. On the east side, where the castle looks upon a large circular plain surrounded by low hills, it is precipitous. Before the invention of gunpowder it must have been impregnable, except by the method adopted in the reduction of Château Gaillard, which was to mine the rock and burn great fires, so as to reduce the limestone to lime and bring the whole pile down headlong. Looking south, one understands how the castle came to be planted in the heart of these desolate and waterless hills. It commands on this side the whole country as far as Arles, which is some twelve miles distant. A fertile valley begins here, rapidly widening, capable of furnishing any quantity of forage, and affording an easy road for troops. It was only on this side, indeed, that the castle could well be approached, and the rocky territory behind it was an additional advantage for purposes of defence, because no army could be led over those thirsty and stony hills. Those who held the place, the Seigneurs of Les Baux, dominated the country, and were a permanent menace to Arles. It was not for nothing, though "Royal Arles" had long become part and parcel of France, that Richelieu gave orders for the destruction of this stronghold.

The family who took their name—Des Baux—from this place played a very conspicuous part in the affairs of Provence and Naples for some five hundred years. Their history is enlivened by all the episodes of assassination, religious fanaticism, excommunication, conquests, and reverses which we expect in the career of a great house between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. This "raço d'eigloun" boasted a most illustrious origin, being descended from no less a person than one of the Wise Men of the East, as was proved to everybody's satisfaction by the star on their scutcheon. They first appear visible on the page of history towards the end of the tenth century, when they are already Seigneurs of Les Baux, and have shaken off the rule of the last King of Arles. Raymond des Baux went crusading with Raymond of Toulouse, and got back safely to marry a daughter of Gilbert, Count of Provence. This alliance gave him a pretext, on the death of Gilbert, for claiming the inheritance. The claim, after some fighting, was set aside, and Hugues, son of Raymond des Baux, accepted a compromise, by which he got seventy-nine strong places ceded to him, including the towns of Ciotat, Pertuis, and Berre, under the suzerainty of his cousin, the Count of Barcelona. The younger brother of Hugues, Bertrand, married the heiress of Orange and became Prince of Orange; he was assassinated by Raymond of Toulouse; his son Guillaume, who received from the Emperor Frederick II. the empty titles of King of Arles and Vienne, threw himself with ardour into the religious wars of the time, and, being taken prisoner by the Avignonnais, was flayed alive. The house was only represented in France in the year 1382 by Marie des Baux, who married Jean de Chalon. But a branch had established themselves in Italy, where they followed the fortunes of the Angevin kings. Bertrand des Baux married Beatrix, the daughter of Charles II.; Marie, daughter of this Bertrand, married Humbert, Dauphin of Vienne; François des Baux was created Duke of Andria; and Robert des Baux actually carried off Marie, the sister of Queen Joan, and married her by force, in return for which the lady afterwards had him murdered in her own presence. The last heiress in France, Alix, Countess of Avelin, bequeathed everything to her Italian cousins, which gave Louis of Anjou, Count of Florence and titular King of Naples, an excuse for seizing the whole inheritance. King René gave the castle to his second wife, Jeanne de Laval, and on her death it became part of the great inheritance of Provence, which went to Louis XI.

As regards the Italian branch, it went on for another hundred years, but was unlucky, and generally took the losing side. One

of them rebelled, and was taken prisoner and strangled; another, Isabelle, married Frederick of Aragon, who was deposed; finally, François des Baux, who declared for Francis I. instead of Charles V., had to take refuge in Rome, where he lived to an advanced age in poverty. As for the castle, it was conferred on various governors in succession; the descendants of one of them, Martin de Saint Gilles, are still living in the arrondissement of Arles. The same King who destroyed the castle raised the title of Baron to that of Marquis, which he conferred upon the Prince of Monaco with a pension of 9,000 livres. With the destruction of the castle the town itself practically ceased to exist; at least it no longer had any importance, though a little life was maintained by the existence of a Court of Appeal. Apparently, the people of Arles found the lawyers more intolerable than the Seigneur, for in 1789 they sacked the place, and carried off all the legal documents; and then all the lawyers and the few remaining people left the place, except the peasants who remained to work in the quarries.

THE BULL-ROARER.

THE common "bull-roarer," as boys used to call it, and perhaps still call it, in England, is an inexpensive toy which any one can make. We do not, however, recommend it to families, for two reasons. In the first place, it makes a most horrible and unexampled din, which recommends it to the very young, but renders it detested by persons of mature age. In the second place, the character of the toy is such that it will almost infallibly break all that is fragile in the house where it is used, and will probably put out the eyes of some of the inhabitants. Having thus, we trust, said enough to prevent all good boys from inflicting "bull-roarers" on their parents, pastors, and masters, we proceed (in the interests of science) to show how the toy is made. Nothing can be less elaborate. You take (in the interests of science) a piece of the commonest wooden board, say the lid of a packing case, about a sixth of an inch in thickness, and about eight inches long and three broad, and you sharpen the ends. When finished, the toy may be about the shape of a large bay-leaf, or a "fish" used as a counter (that is how the New Zealanders make it), or the sides may be left plain in the centre, and only sharpened towards the extremities. Then tie a strong piece of string, about thirty inches long, to one end of the piece of wood, and the "bull-roarer" (the Australian natives call it *turn-dun*, and the Greeks *πόμπος*) is complete. Now twist the end of the string tightly round your finger, and whirl the "bull-roarer" rapidly round and round. At first nothing will happen. In a very interesting lecture delivered on Tuesday at the Royal Institution, Mr. Tylor exhibited a "bull-roarer." At first it did nothing particular when it was whirled round, and the audience began to fear that the experiment was like those chemical ones often exhibited at Institutes in the country, which contribute at most a disagreeable odour to the education of the populace. But when the "bull-roarer" warmed to its work, it justified its name, producing what may best be described as a mighty rushing noise, as if some supernatural being "fluttered and buzzed his wings with fearful roar." Grown-up people, of course, are satisfied with a very brief experience of this din, but boys have always known the "bull-roarer" in England as one of the most efficient modes of making the hideous and unearthly noises in which it is the privilege of youth to delight.

Such is the character of the bull-roarer, and we now turn, with information still very inadequate, to investigate its history. The bull-roarer has been, and is, a sacred and magical instrument in many and widely-separated lands. Mr. Tylor, in the lecture of which we have spoken, mentioned the toy as a newly-introduced puzzle of human history. It is found, always as a sacred instrument employed in religious mysteries, in New Mexico, in Australia, in New Zealand, in ancient Greece, and in Africa; while, as we have seen, it is a peasant boy's plaything in England. A number of questions are naturally suggested by the bull-roarer. Is it a thing invented once for all, and carried abroad over the world by wandering races, or handed on from one people and tribe to another? Or is the bull-roarer a toy that might be accidentally hit on in any country where men can sharpen wood and twist the sinews of animals into string? Was the thing originally a toy, and is its religious and mystical nature later; or was it originally one of the properties of the pow-wow, or medicine-man, which in England has dwindled to a plaything? Lastly, was this mystical instrument at first employed in the rites of a civilized people like the Greeks, and was it in some way borrowed or inherited by South Africans, Australians, and New Mexicans? Or is it a mere savage invention, surviving (like certain other features of the Greek mysteries) from a distant stage of savagery? Mr. Tylor seemed to think that the time had scarcely come to answer these questions; but we incline to hold that in all probability the presence of the *πόμπος* in Greek mysteries was a survival from the time when Greeks were in the social condition of Australians.

In the first place, mysteries and initiations are things that tend to dwindle and to lose their characteristic features as civilization advances. The rites of baptism and confirmation are not secret, hidden things; they are common to both sexes, they are publicly performed, and religion and morality of the purest sort blend in these ceremonies. There are no other initiations or mysteries that civilized modern man is expected necessarily to pass through. On the other hand, looking widely at human history, we find

mystic rites and initiations numerous, stringent, severe, and magical in character in proportion to the lack of civilization in those who practise them. The less civilization, the more mysterious and the more cruel are the rites. The more cruel the rites, the less is the civilization. The red-hot poker with which Mr. Bouncer terrified Mr. Verdant Green at the sham Masonic rites would have been quite in place, a natural instrument of probationary torture, in the Freemasonry of Australians, Mandans, or Hottentots. In the mysteries of Demeter or Bacchus the red-hot poker, or any other instrument of torture, would have been out of place. But in the Greek mysteries, just as in those of South Africans, Red Indians, and Australians, the disgusting practice of bedaubing the neophyte with dirt and clay was preserved. We have nothing quite like that in modern initiations. Greek mysteries dropped the tortures inflicted on boys and girls in the initiations of the savage Iacchus and the savage *Bona Dea*. But Greek mysteries retained the daubing with mud and the use of the "bull-roarer." On the whole, then, and on a general view of the subject, we prefer to think that the bull-roarer in Greece was a survival from savagery, not that the bull-roarer in New Mexico, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa is a relic of civilization.

The bull-roarer in England is a toy. In Australia, according to Howitt and Fison (*Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, p. 268), the bull-roarer is regarded with religious awe. When boys go through the mystic ceremony of initiation they are shown *turnduns*, or bull-roarers, and made to listen to their hideous din. They are then told that, if ever a woman is allowed to see a *turndun*, the earth will open, and water will cover the globe. As in Athens, in Syria, and among the Mandans, the deluge-tradition of Australia is connected with the mysteries. In Gippsland there is a tradition of the deluge. "Some children of the Kurnai in playing about found a *turndun*, which they took home to the camp and showed the women. Immediately the earth crumbled away, and it was all water, and the Kurnai were drowned." In the Chepara tribe it is an offence punishable by death for a woman to see a *turndun* (compare Brough Smyth, i. p. 68). Mr. Tylor has not succeeded in getting a sample of a *turndun*, fortunately for his audience at the Royal Institution. As there were ladies present, the deluge would doubtless have broken out in Albemarle Street about four p.m. on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Tylor said that either in New Mexico or South Africa, we forget which, the string of the bull-roarer is fastened to a stick, which increases the noise. A picture of an Australian *turndun* similarly constructed is given by Mr. Brough Smyth (*Aborigines of Victoria*, i. p. 176). The noise may be heard at a distance of two miles, and is understood by women as a warning to keep out of the way. *Turnduns* are used by the sorcerers to produce rain, and are carved for this magical purpose with semblances of water-plants. The New Zealand bull-roarers in the Christy Museum are also carved in relief, but with purely decorative designs. One can readily believe that the New Zealand bull-roarer may be whirled by any man who is repeating a *Karakia*, or "charm to raise the wind":—

Loud wind,
Lasting wind,
Violent whistling wind,
Dig up the calm reposing sky,
Come, come.

In New Zealand (Taylor, p. 181) "the natives regarded the wind as an indication of the presence of their god," a superstition not peculiar to Maori religion. The "cold wind" felt blowing over the hands at spiritualistic *séances* is also regarded as an indication of the presence of supernatural beings. The windy roaring noise made by the bull-roarer might readily be considered by savages, either as an invitation to a god who should present himself in storm or as a proof of his being at hand. The hymn called "breath" or *haha*, a hymn to the mystic wind, is pronounced by Maori priests at the moment of the initiation of young men in the tribal mysteries. It is a mere conjecture, and possibly enough capable of disproof, but we have a suspicion that the use of the *mystica vannus Iacchi* was a mode of raising a sacred wind analogous to that employed by whirlers of the *turndun*.

The existence of the bull-roarer, under the name of *πόμπος*, in Greece had not been suspected till lately by ethnologists. In Liddell and Scott's Lexicon *πόμπος* is "anything that may be spun. A spinning top or wheel. A magic wheel used by witches or sorcerers. . . . A species of fish, so-called from its rhomb-like shape." It was known that the *πόμπος* appeared in the Bacchic mysteries. Clement of Alexandria mentions it among the mystic toys of the child Dionysus with which the Titans amused him before tearing him (as the heroes of so many savage mythologies are torn) into fragments. While engaged in this part of the mysteries, as we learn from Harpocration, the performers daubed themselves over with clay, as the Titans were said to have done, and as Australians, Africans, and Red Indians still do in their initiatory rites. As long as *πόμπος* was translated "a top," it seemed to have no connexion with the *turndun* or bull-roarer. But no fish is shaped like a top; a fish was shaped like the *πόμπος*, and the *turndun* is especially described as "a fish-shaped piece of wood" (Brough Smyth, i. p. 176). In the ordinary English translation of Clement of Alexandria, a note, vaguely said to be derived from the "Scholiast," describes the *πόμπος* as, in fact, the *turndun*. But where was the "Scholiast"? Mr. Tylor pursued him, came on his track in Hesychius, and at last discovered him lurking in the notes to Philemon the Grammarian. The *πόμπος* is here said to be equivalent to *δῖνος* (a whirling), and

is described as "a little board whirled by a string, and used in purifications and mysteries"—that is, a bull-roarer, or *turnduin*. The evidence for the existence of the toy in New Mexico came casually through a newspaper paragraph, written by some one who doubtless never heard of Philemon the Grammarian. The South African evidence is from an eye-witness, and thus the "bull-roarer" everywhere except in England associated with magic, is tracked into the most distant corners of the earth. Had Greece any communication with New Mexico, or Australia with Greece, or New Mexico with South Africa? Or is the bull-roarer a thing which might be invented anywhere, and which by its peculiar properties could not fail, when once invented, to impress the religious fancy of early men? The latter seems to us far the more probable explanation of the origin and uses of this toy with a history. By the way, it seems that the fate of Pentheus, torn in pieces by women for spying on their mysteries, might be incurred now by a too curious man in Africa or Australia. Monzitomba told Mr. Winwood Reade that the women would flog him to death in a fetish-house if it was known that he had seen their secret rites. The mere fact that the women's orgies of Dionysus were performed in lonely places in the hills seems to show that they date from a period of wild life when the women of Greece, like those of Africa and Australia, retired to go through the mysteries, not into temples, but into the forest or the bush. The conservatism of Greek religion is proved by Theocritus's apology (*Idyl xxvi.*) for the savage revenge of the women on Pentheus.

POMBAL.

THE Portuguese have just held a festival in honour of the one statesman of their nation whose name is generally known in Europe, the Marquis of Pombal, who died on the 5th of May, 1782. Even in these days of many centenaries, the people of Portugal and their neighbours, the Spaniards, have distinguished themselves by celebrating an extraordinary number. On one pretext or another, they have within the last few years given themselves a day's holiday for Cervantes, Camoens, and for Calderon. Four years hence there will be a good opportunity for another, and we may expect to see all Lisbon making itself gay to commemorate the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486. From 1886 on to 1930, or thereabouts, they may calculate on one a year, for the corresponding dates of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are full of memorable events in the history of the Peninsula. Before 1930 is reached these feasts may become annual. The difficulty of attempting to expel nature with a pitchfork is proverbial; and now that the Spaniards and Portuguese have grown out of amusing themselves by way of worshipping the saints, they will probably begin to take their leisure in honour of the heroes. Peoples so fond of a little harmless fun may find at least that much worth adopting from the Positivist ritual. Whether Pombal is included among the saints of that Church we do not know; but since Portugal is intent upon celebrating her heroes, she cannot afford to pass him over. He and Albuquerque, the Viceroy, are the only two who can be called great among her statesmen.

There are, indeed, few more interesting men in the political world of the eighteenth century than the Marquis of Pombal. Although only Minister of an insignificant State, he gained a European reputation which is not even yet much diminished; and he is fully entitled to it, for he was the most successful, if not the ablest, of a whole generation of statesmen. During the half-century which immediately preceded the great Revolution, most of the nations on the Continent of Europe were for a time governed by some man, Prince or Minister, who endeavoured to carry out the ideas of the philosophers by an unscrupulous use of the royal power. They educated the people in order to destroy the Church, and enforced liberal ideas by despotic means. With no other object before them than the reform of the administration, they all contributed to prepare the way for the *culte générale* at the close of the century. None of them, not even the Emperor Joseph, did his work more effectually than Pombal. The life of the Portuguese statesman may be said to have covered the whole period of preparation for the French Revolution. He was born in 1699, and he lived to 1782. His period of power was from 1750 to 1777, and during those years he wielded a greater amount of direct despotic power than any other ruler in Europe. His master, Dom Joseph, was a very fair specimen of a common class of prince; he was equally dissolute and devout. He hated trouble, and was perfectly satisfied to leave the labour of governing to his Minister. Throughout his reign the whole power of the Crown of Portugal—and no Crown in Europe was more absolute—was an instrument in the hands of Pombal for the carrying out of his own ideas. Spain and Portugal are singularly poor in memoirs and biographies, and particularly in the last century. Little is known about their most famous men beyond the mere facts of their life, and in Pombal's case the want is especially felt. He was by birth a gentleman, his family name being Carvalho; he was educated at Coimbra, probably by the Jesuits, like so many of their enemies. He began his career at the age of forty as Minister of Portugal in England, and spent ten years abroad as a diplomatist in London and Vienna. His chief employment at the Court of Maria Theresa was the settlement of a dispute between her Government and the Papacy about the Patriarchate of Aquileia. These negotiations were probably very useful to him afterwards,

from the experience they gave him of the proper way of dealing with the Curia, for the main business of his life was to be the suppression of the Jesuits. It is obvious that for years before he came into power, he must have regarded the order with hatred. He considered it necessary to expel it from Portugal, as a preliminary to all his reforms, and he never felt that his work was safe till he had brought about its entire destruction. It is mainly to his attack on the Jesuits that he owes his great reputation. His reforms mostly died with him, for they were merely in the administration. As long as he was at the head of affairs, Portugal was well governed; but as soon as he was removed, things fell gradually back into their old state of slovenly corruption. It is honourable to him that, although he was a man of naturally despotic character, he seems to have made more than one attempt to train a successor; but they had none of them patience to wait; they tried to be rivals, and he crushed them. The great earthquake which ruined Lisbon in 1755 gave Pombal an opportunity such as few statesmen have ever had for showing power of administration. When everybody else was panic-stricken, he kept his head, and thought and acted for everybody. It was just the occasion on which an able man of despotic nature was in his proper place at the head of affairs. When the poor King asked in despair what was to be done, the Minister answered at once, "Feed the living and bury the dead," and then did it in his Majesty's name, without giving him the least trouble. A prince who is supposed to govern as well as reign, and who loves his ease, would indeed be ungrateful if he forgot such a service. But, though the intelligent government of Portugal for twenty-seven years and the rebuilding of Lisbon were great things in their way, it is as the persecutor of the Jesuits that Pombal is likely to be remembered.

There does not seem to be any reason to suppose that his hatred of them was the result of any sympathy with the religious ideas of the philosophers; and, though he had a diplomatist's knowledge of French, he does not appear to have had any correspondence with the literary world of Paris. He found the Jesuits in his way, and he resolved to get rid of them; they were the only religious order which had strength enough to oppose the Crown, and that was the real crime for which they were suppressed. Ford has spoken of the cruelty and treachery shown by Aranda in getting rid of the order in Spain; but his *coup d'état* was humane as compared with the methods of Pombal. That Minister's first measure—one of the very first of his administration—was to get complete control of the Inquisition. The Dominicans had never been on very good terms with the Jesuits, and Pombal must have seen what useful allies they would be in attacking an order very popular with a superstitious people. He found other allies among the secular clergy and the lawyers; but his main support was the King. Dom Joseph was lazy, and grateful to Pombal for saving him the trouble of governing, and for his great services at the time of the earthquake. And he had other and stronger motives for supporting his Minister. The Portuguese nobility, although they had no real power, were by tradition allowed a great deal of license, and they used it insolently, and sometimes criminally. They were jealous, and not likely to be scrupulous as to taking revenge if they felt themselves aggrieved. The King was as immoral as many other princes who also heard mass daily. The Jesuits were the confessors of almost all the nobility, and the opinions of the order on the subject of regicide are well known. It is not likely that Pombal allowed the King to remain in ignorance of the famous passage in Mariana "De Rege" which justified the assassination of Henri III. because of his private vices. Dom Joseph would be easily persuaded that the nobles and the Jesuits were enemies to be feared. Once in that frame of mind, it would not be difficult to make him believe much more. How much Pombal himself believed of the accusations he made against the Jesuits there is no means of knowing. He accused them of causing a war with the Guarani in the Uruguay reductions, and of opposing his measures of reform in Para and Maranhão. In almost every case these accusations can be proved to be false, and he must have known how false they were. But he had the excuse of the *raison d'état* which in the eighteenth century covered everything. By destroying the Jesuits he would be able to destroy the excessive power of the Pope in Portugal, and he was careless what instrument he used for the purpose. And the Jesuits did not conduct their fight wisely. They relied too much on their influence with the younger members of the Royal family, and when the first measures were taken against them they, as their apologist has it, had recourse to their prayers—a very dangerous weapon of offence. They prayed very loudly after the earthquake, and dwelt much on the obviously punitive character of that visitation. They are reported to have hinted that unchristian tendencies on the part of Government had a good deal to do with it. Their prayers and the Oporto riots of 1756 were suspiciously connected. At last Dom Joseph got tired of being prayed at, and ordered the Jesuits to leave the Court. In the following year he was shot at and wounded while coming back to his palace at night from a visit paid to his mistress the Marchioness of Tavora. What followed has been accurately summed up by Voltaire:—"L'excès du ridicule et de l'absurdité fut joint à l'excès d'horreur." There can be very little doubt that the Marquis of Tavora and his kinsman, the Duke of Aveiro, head of the house of Mascarenhas, were guilty of the attack on the King. It is antecedently probable that the Jesuits knew of what was going to happen and did not oppose it; but the trial of both was so managed that they were made to appear innocent. A special court was created, and Pombal was named judge; the

accused nobles—the Jesuits were not arrested till later—were allowed no means of defending themselves. The families of Tavora and Mascarenhas were destroyed by a massacre under form of law. To dispose of the Jesuits was not so easy. The permission of the Pope had to be obtained to try an ecclesiastic for a criminal offence, and it was difficult to obtain, though he was at last compelled to make concessions. The three Jesuits who were arrested as accomplices in the attempted murder remained long in prison untried. At last, as if resolved to show how little the Pope could do for them, Pombal caused Malagrida, the oldest of the three, to be condemned and executed in an *auto-de-fé* as a heretic. The heresy was contained in a maundering book on Saint Anne, which the poor old man, who was in his dotage, is said to have written in prison. It is very possible that the charge of heresy was trumped up to discredit the order with the populace, and prepare the way for their expulsion from Portugal in 1759. During all the negotiations with the Papacy which led to the issue of the Bull of suppression by Clement XIV. in 1773, Pombal was the most bitter of their enemies, and to the end of his life he thought he saw their hand in everything that interfered with his plans. The measures he took to suppress the order were many of them masterpieces of villany and statecraft; but, according to the moral code of the political world of his day, Pombal was justified by the result. He succeeded so effectually that when his master died, and was succeeded by his pious imbecile daughter, no attempt was made to undo Pombal's ecclesiastical work. Whatever else he had done for his country fell of itself as soon as he was no longer there to support it.

DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WE gave last week a general sketch of the story of Herr Wagner's *Bühnenfestspiel für drei Tage und ein Vorabend*, and indicated some of the qualities which would demand special attention to the musical part of the drama. It remains now to speak of the performance of a work which is unlike anything which has before been heard in England; which is full of interest to the student of music (and, it may be added, by reason of its inconsistencies, to the student also of human nature), which is by turns attractive and repellent, charming and perplexing, and to listen steadily to the whole of which involves a considerable strain upon the attention, which, when once caught, Herr Wagner keeps in a grip which is too often merciless. That the work is one of genius we have little doubt; but it is not that highest form of genius which has complete mastery over itself, in which creation and criticism seem to work hand in hand. What, as it seems to us, is at the bottom of the many faults which cannot be seen in the music-drama by all except the most uncompromising fanatics, is an absence of the sense of proportion, and in some directions an equally complete absence of the sense of humour. The *leit-motifs*, on the repetition and the interweaving of which the musical structure of the trilogy and its *Vorspiel* mainly depends, are, at their best and on the great occasions of the drama, inventions of extraordinary skill, grandeur, and beauty; but Herr Wagner rides this hobby to death in scenes which have nothing in them either grand or beautiful; which lead, no doubt, to splendid bursts of poetry and music, but which lead to them by ways tortuous, gloomy, and at times hateful. Here we may perhaps pause with advantage to consider a point upon which a good deal has been written in a good many ways during the past week—the question of the relations between Siegmund and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*. They have together a love-scene, which, if too long drawn out, is certainly charged with beauty and full of masterly composition; it ends with the discovery that the two are brother and sister, and the discovery makes no difference. Indeed it is with a burst of triumph that Siegmund exclaims, "Braut und Schwester bist du dem Bruder—so blühe denn Wälsungen-Blut!" Now it is all very well to talk about there being no intention of offence in this, and of there being, for that reason, no excuse for finding offence in it; to cite the doings of the gods of Olympus, and to say that the profligate old wretch Wotan and his descendants—who, as it is urged, are not immoral, because they have no moral sense at all—are no worse than the equally profligate but more majestic Jupiter and his descendants. This is by no means a satisfactory answer to the question raised. Let us suppose for a moment that the relations between Siegmund and Sieglinde are absolutely necessary to the course of the drama. Then what reason is there for insisting upon them "so loud and so much, and, moreover, in Dutch"; for setting one of the finest musical passages in this part of the drama to such words as those just quoted; for "dinging it, dinging it, into one" right through the course of the play? No one, it might be thought, could seriously contend that this is not a complete artistic mistake. But the supposition we have made is a mere supposition. The situation is not in the least degree necessary. No one can possibly care in what particular way the line of the Wälsungen begun by dreary old Wotan is carried on—no one, that is, except Herr Wagner and his more fanatical followers. To him it seems all-important; and the fact that it so seems is as strong an example as need be desired of that absolute deficiency in sense of proportion which we have found characteristic of Herr Wagner's whole treatment of the legend which he has turned into his *Bühnenfestspiel*. But we may go further than saying that this situation is not necessary to the course of the

drama; we may say that this whole scene, like too many which follow it—though not always for the same reasons—is essentially unfit for dramatic treatment. It is almost an insult to the human understanding to ask people to be seriously interested in, to regard as charming and heroic, a woman who falls so violently in love with a perfect stranger that she immediately drugs her husband's drink, and who is only the more delighted when she finds out who the stranger is. This, the Wagnerian devotees say, is a harmless legend, in which it is only an ill-balanced mind that can detect offence; and perhaps one need not look for a better answer than that a certain saying of Voltaire's applies just as much to legend as it does to nature. True, one forgets the nature of the scene in the beauty of the music; but that is precisely what, according to Herr Wagner's theory, one ought never to do.

Of the story of *Das Rheingold*, the *Vorspiel* which sets the trilogy in motion, we gave last week a detailed account. Musically it is, as we have indicated that the whole work is, curious in that the music illustrates with unflinching accuracy the impression which the dramatist wishes to thrust upon our attention, whether that impression is of the beauty of the Rhine and the Rhinemaidens, the covetous designs of Alberich, or the imbecile follies of the tiresome Wotan. The scheme designed by the author-composer is worked out down to the smallest detail, as may be judged from some passages in a very oddly-written "Guide through the Music," by Herr von Wolzogen. "The motive of the tarn-cap's spell leads on to Alberich's double transformation into a snake and a toad. The different nature of these two animals is most exquisitely reproduced in the music, but only one of them becomes of value for the drama; it is the motive of the snake with its heavy snake-like windings." One is reminded of the wonderful things which the Hugobites of the 1830 period read into *Hernani* when it first appeared; only here there is no reading in; there is no reason to suppose that Herr von Wolzogen does anything but give a most faithful interpretation of Herr Wagner's meaning. Again, towards the end of the *Vorspiel* we find that "with the motives of the treaty and of renunciation Wotan surrenders the ring. As though all trouble were now at an end, the motive of flight, happily transformed, celebrates the return of the goddess to her kindred; but soon the awful motive of the curse arises over the fall of the first victim, Fasolt, whom Fafner kills, to the wild movement of the motive of the ring, as they quarrelled over the gold, and whose death first brings forth the dissonance of the *tritonus* (b—f) in sharply jerking semiquavers, which is hereafter inseparably connected with Fafner."

It would be interesting to know how many people in a given audience, including those who have made some previous study of the music, are capable of taking all this in at once when it is put before them from the stage. And no doubt the profane may further ask whether it is much good to them if they do take it in, and whether the truest enjoyment of stage music is to be got from work which of its nature involves so close and constant a strain upon the attention. The interest of such work to the student no one probably will be at pains to deny.

In *Das Rheingold*, however, besides the wonderfully elaborated working in and out of different motives, there is plenty of beautiful music which it is possible to enjoy without consideration of any such questions as Herr Wagner's scheme may give rise to. To take two striking instances, there is the lovely motive of the *Rheingold*, and there is the passage in which Herr Vogl, who appeared as Loge, the fire god, found an opportunity for showing how admirable a singer—in the ordinary sense of the word—as well as an actor and interpreter of Herr Wagner's work he is. Other instances might readily be cited; but we cannot attempt to go in anything like detail through the music either of *Das Rheingold* or of the trilogy which follows it. Here, as in the rest of the work, and this in spite of the fine Walhall motive, the most wearisome moments are found when Wotan is the chief figure on the stage. He is so dreary, so helpless, so undignified, to say nothing of "his vile moral quality," that it is difficult indeed to assume the attitude of mind concerning him which is expected. He is the chief of the gods; he commits every conceivable act of wrong-doing and of meanness; he is bullied by his wife; he is constantly over-reaching himself in his unworthy tricks; constantly getting into difficulties through his own stupidity, and appealing to Loge to help him out. Herr Scaria, who appeared as this stupid, tiresome, and wicked old creature throughout the first cycle, is to be commiserated for having had such a part to play, and to be commended for the show of dignity which he managed to impart to Wotan. Herr Scaria's intonation was not apt to be faultless before he took to singing in Herr Wagner's work; it would, perhaps, be over-strict to blame him much for certain lapses which he made, or even for his want of perfect acquaintance with his part. This, however, at one point led to a confusion which Herr Seidl, the conductor, was not over prompt to remedy. Herr Schelper declaimed and sang—declaimed, perhaps, more than sang—the part of Alberich with considerable success, and Herr Schlosser gave an excellent representation of Mime. The Rhine daughters were well given by Frä. Krauss, Frä. Klafsky, and Frä. Scholze, as was the somewhat thankless part of Fricka by Frau Reicher-Kindermann. Herr Vogl's performance, of which we have already spoken, of the mischievous Loge can hardly be overpraised. The scene in which he chaffs the other gods was as good as possible. The scenery is an important element in this music-drama, far more important indeed than, according to our view, scenery ought to be. In the *Rheingold* the first scene, with its change from the bottom to the surface of the Rhine, and then to the second scene of an open district on mountain heights, was

admirably devised. The steam, however, which is more freely employed in the *Rheingold* than in the subsequent dramas, did not work with complete success. Either because of insufficient pressure, or of an overpowering draught, or perhaps of both causes combined, it failed either to shroud the stage completely, or to conceal fully the figure of Alberich in his transformations. Yet more important and more disappointing than this was the performance of the orchestra under Herr Seidl's conductorship. It was ill-balanced, and seemed too often a means for producing mere blare and noise.

Of the first scene of *Die Walküre*, the first drama of the trilogy, we have already spoken. The second scene passes mainly between Siegmund, Sieglinde, and Brünnhilde, Wotan's favourite amongst the Walküre, opening, however, with a tiresome quarrel between Wotan and Fricka, the result of which is that Wotan commands Brünnhilde to see that Siegmund is slain in his impending combat with Hunding, Sieglinde's husband. Brünnhilde, however, is touched by the loves of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and resolves to aid Siegmund. The scene closes with the combat, ill-managed enough, and with Wotan's intervention to carry out his decree. Here, in the address to Hunding—

Geh' hin! Knecht,
Kniee vor Fricka.
Meld, ihr dass Wotan's Speer
Gericht, was Spott ihr schuf,—
Geh'!—Geh'!—

Herr Scaria found and used a fine opportunity; and throughout the scene Frau Vogl (Brünnhilde) displayed unusual vocal and dramatic feeling and power.

Before the third scene we have the celebrated ride of the Walkyrie played in the orchestra, and not played so well as it ought to be. The scene in which the Walküre appear after this is confusing, and, as given at Her Majesty's, confused in stage-arrangement. One wearies of the din of the war-maidens' shrieking, and the appearance of Wotan upon the scene does not greatly mend matters. He is as usual tiresome, didactic, and at once offensively burdened with and offensively free from scruples; and the music assigned to him illustrates these qualities faithfully enough. The scene of the "Feuerzaub" which follows upon this goes far to make up for the weariness of a good deal that has preceded it. It is too long; too long, that is, for the dramatic purpose which we are to believe that Herr Wagner has always in view; but, putting aside, as one does while listening to it, the folly and injustice of Wotan's condemnation of Brünnhilde, the situation is charged with pathos and beauty, and it may be said that the end of the scene, judged from the composer's own standpoint of intertwined music and drama, is altogether to be admired—is indeed amongst the things that will dwell for long in the memory of those who see and hear it. *Die Walküre* must not be dismissed without a reference to Herr Niemann's fine acting, declamation, and, in one scene, singing of Siegmund.

Of *Siegfried* we find it possible to speak with less mixed admiration than of the other parts of the drama. The composer, apart from the involution of "motives" which is never absent, has set himself to show us a free fearless boy, brought up in the forest, carrying the blood of the gods in his veins, and overcoming terrors and trials with all the joyousness and courage of a splendid youth; and he has succeeded in carrying out his intention for the most part admirably. The work abounds with beautiful passages; and we are not disposed to resent the ugliness of Mime's music, which illustrates an ugly theme, so much as the dreariness of certain other themes to which we have referred. What the effect of the drama would be without a singer equal to Herr Vogl, who appears as Siegfried, and who is the life and light of the whole thing, it might perhaps be too curious to inquire. Herr Schlosser's Mime again deserves special praise in this, and notably for the scene in which, meaning to say flattering things, he is compelled against his will to utter his real and atrocious sentiments. It is to be regretted that the drama ends with a scene in which two such admirable singers as Frau Vogl and Herr Vogl have to attempt a feat which is beyond human skill. It is not easy to excuse Herr Wagner for setting such cruelly impossible tasks to singers who would do more than justice to any possible music which he might give them to sing. However, *Siegfried* is for the most part full of finely illustrated joyousness and movement; and in the music written for Fafner (als Wurm), and bawled through a speaking-trumpet by Herr Wiegand, there is just that odd primitive sense of humour which is not incompatible with the utter absence of any humour of a wider kind.

Profound, on the other hand, and dreary are the depths of gloom into which *Götterdämmerung*, the last and longest of the set of dramas, plunges us. In this, as in *Siegfried*, extremely judicious cuts had been made; but we do not believe that any amount of cutting can ever make *Götterdämmerung* tolerable as a stage entertainment to any but the most uncompromising believers in everything that Herr Wagner chooses to do. We have a new set of characters introduced, and their ways and doings are not one whit more attractive or interesting than the doings and ways of Wotan and his crew, who tumble to pieces with Walhall at the end of the drama in a childishly ineffective red transparency. Siegfried we have still, but except in one scene—a charming scene between him and Brünnhilde, charmingly given by Frau Vogl and Herr Vogl—all the attractiveness has gone out of him. He is under just such a stupid spell as compels Wotan to some of his most stupid deeds, and there is no touch of real poetry to light up the dreariness of his involuntary misdoings. There is also, for the first time, a chorus; and one wishes that this first time had never come. The

end of the drama is a general upsetting and destruction of everything—gods, heroes, and all—and neither the music nor the stage arrangement is equal to the demands of the situation. Wotan is done with for ever, and in that there is some consolation.

The faults of such a work as this are patent enough; and some of the grosser faults are not perhaps the more easily pardoned because the beauties are also patent when one gets to them. One cannot, in thinking over it, but admire Herr Wagner's genius—for genius we certainly take it to be—and his extreme laboriousness in carrying out his scheme unflinchingly. But we cannot help also regretting the perverse misdirection of powers which, freed from the affectation of "esoteric" delight, might have given pleasure to all people with any ear for music, instead of becoming a point of attack for ignorant detractors, a weapon of offence for equally ignorant enthusiasts, and a thing which is calculated to fill the judicious alternately with joy and with despair. Of the principal singers and of the orchestra we have already spoken. As to Herr Seidl, the conductor—who is announced to be, "according to Richard Wagner's own opinion, the best interpreter of his works"—one can only wonder at the announcement, when one remembers that Herr Wagner has heard his own works interpreted by Herr Hans Richter.

THE LOSS OF THE JEANNETTE.

AT the time when private and public effort in England are combining to send out an expedition for the relief of Mr. Leigh Smith, peculiar interest attaches to the records, in gradual course of completion, of the unfortunate American Arctic expedition which three years ago tried the North-Western passage. Telegraphic information has just given the sad news of the discovery of the commander of that expedition, with his men, dead, in their attempts to reach some hospitable refuge. The earlier and more fortunate refugees (if the severest bodily sufferings, and in one case apparently hopeless insanity, can be called more fortunate than death) have told their story in a connected narrative, which may be read in the *Standard* of Thursday. The crew of the third boat is yet undiscovered; but even the most sanguine critics despair of any discovery more cheerful than that which has just been made in the case of Lieutenant De Long. If there ever was a geographical expedition which resulted in utter failure, it was this, which has at the same time ended so disastrously in respects quite other than geographical. The supposed discovery of the insulation of Wrangel Land (an insulation which we think we may say very few students of Arctic matters doubted) is the sole fruit which Mr. Gordon Bennett's vicarious enterprise has borne, and it has been attained at a relative cost, which exceeds almost anything recorded in the heroic but fatal annals of Arctic exploration. There are not wanting persons who deride all attempts to penetrate the secrets of this region, who represent them as idle foolhardiness not likely in any case to be crowned with solid success, and likely to result in the loss of valuable lives. An examination of the record of this latest and most ill-fated expedition will not, we think, bear out this conclusion, and it is, therefore, worth making. It is not altogether a pleasant task, and in discharging it we shall have to say some things which may give pain to those concerned. But we are convinced that to England at least there has been no more fruitful nursery both of heroic endurance and of the sober calculating fortitude which is ready to run any risk for a sufficient return, and no risk whatever for a return which is not sufficient, than Arctic exploration. It is because in Arctic voyaging, more than in any other pursuit, the same qualities are required of a commander which are required of the captain of a man-of-war in his ordinary professional work, that it is worth the while of a nation which hopes still to rule the seas to attempt it. It is because anything which discredits this school of heroes is a national misfortune to England that it is important to show how, according to the account of the survivors, the rules were ill observed in this particular instance.

The *Jeannette*, as our readers doubtless know, was not a novice in Arctic travel. Bought by the proprietor of the *New York Herald* for the purpose of Arctic exploration, she had already, as the *Pandora*, and under Sir Allen Young's management, acquired no small reputation as an Arctic yacht. She was fitted out three years ago, and despatched from San Francisco with every advantage that money could procure. Of the sufficiency of the vessel herself, which seems to have been lately called in question in America, Lieutenant Danenhauer's already mentioned account in the *Standard* is proof positive. She stood constant and repeated ice nips for nearly two years, and a ship that will do that will do anything that can be reasonably required of her in Arctic travelling. But, in the first place, her size seems to have been absolutely disproportioned to the work she was expected to do; and, in the second, one cardinal principle of all sound Arctic exploration—that, in a long and difficult voyage, the eggs should not be all put in one basket—was ignored. For one of the spirited raids into the outer circle of the guarded region which English yachtsmen are fond of trying, on the chance that a hitherto undiscovered path may be opened up, she was excellently fitted. But that a complement of thirty-three men all told, without the indefinable sense of confidence that the presence of a consort gives, should face a three years' plunge into the unknown with all the hardships of cold, half-yearly darkness,

and the like, was, it is not too much to say, an unreasonable expectation. Another fatal error appears to have been that the treacherous mechanical aids of modern science were too much relied on. Electric lights and steam donkey-engines, and other things of the kind, are excellent things in their kind in the conditions of civilized life, with a coal merchant and an engineer's shop perpetually round the corner. But they are but rotten reeds in the primal wilderness of frost and snow. However, this may be said to be conjecture. Let us look at Lieutenant Danenhauer's own account. It cannot be too often repeated that it is with the greatest reluctance that we make unfavourable criticism on the conduct of men who have paid for any mistakes they made with their lives, and who were at worst simply trying to do their utmost for their employers. But we are convinced that the result of the perusal of this account on the minds of all persons who are either practically or by historical experience acquainted with the conditions of the task in which Lieutenant De Long and his companions were engaged will be simple wonder at the astounding failure of ability to realize the situation and the things to be done. The *Jeannette* took the Behring's Straits route, and when she was through that passage turned to the west. She had left San Francisco on the 8th of July; she experienced on the coast between Siberia and Herald Island a remarkable and ominous inability to discover her whereabouts, and before she had been more than two months out she got locked in a floe, whence, allowing for the drifting of the ice, she never emerged. In January 1880 the ship sprang a leak, and perpetual pumping had to be resorted to. In the spring and summer of that year she simply drifted back again over the path she had previously traversed. Little game turned up, and the winter and summer of 1880-1 monotonously recapitulated that of 1879-80, except that there was still less game. Good discipline was kept, and the usual recreations of Arctic life were resorted to; but the smallness of the ship and the fewness of the crew naturally depressed spirits which in any case might not have been too high. At last after twenty-two months' imprisonment they took to the boats, and made for the mouth of the Lena. The hardships of mixed boat and sledge travelling every reader of Arctic travels knows. The miserable ill-luck which made these particular travellers take the wrong turn when they were within reach of friendly, if not very civilized, society is one of those things which fate determines.

But the point which must be apparent to every one who has the requisite knowledge is that no prudent commander would have attempted to stand a second winter under the circumstances. After the experiences of September 1879-July 1880, it must have been evident to any experienced Arctic traveller that the game was up. The ship had sprung a serious leak, and the means resorted to for meeting that leak had drawn heavily on the fuel. The comparative absence of game, even at the best time of the twelvemonth, showed that they were in a singularly inhospitable district. The miscarriage of the astronomical calculations, and the admitted variations of the compass, added to the difficulty, not merely of extricating the vessel, but of doing anything which could be regarded as an equivalent for the sufferings incurred in staying. Most of all, the unyielding character of the ice, and the simple see-saw backwards and forwards which was the result of a twelvemonth's experience showed that the chances of the future were small in the extreme. It does not appear (though perhaps the necessarily condensed account which we have before us may be faulty in this respect) that any sledge expeditions of importance were sent out; indeed, the smallness of the complement made such expeditions impossible or very difficult. All these things being taken together, the second year's stay in the ice becomes almost incomprehensible. It can only be accounted for by the fatal Micawberish hope that something will turn up which has in such cases lost so many gallant lives, and wrecked so many promising projects. It is the essence of an Arctic explorer to know when the game is up and when the game is not up. In this case everything seems to show that the game, as far as the *Jeannette* was concerned, was up when her first year of sojourn in the ice was completed, and that the journey to the mainland ought to have then been attempted, when provisions were still ample, when the spirits of the men were yet unbroken, and when their bodily health had not had to stand the frightful strain of a second winter of darkness, confinement, and fretting.

There is a moral to be drawn from this lamentable story, or, except from the mere desire of dealing with what is sensational, it would not be worth handling at all. The moral is—that these private adventure explorations in circumstances so dangerous as those of Arctic travel are mistakes, unless the adventurer goes himself. We are not concerned to give anything but the utmost encouragement to such ventures as those of Sir Allen Young and Mr. Leigh Smith. There the leader of the expedition gives the greatest guarantee he possibly can give—his own life. On the other hand, in public expeditions conducted by officers of a responsible Government, there is very little temptation to foolhardiness. The leader knows very well that his first responsibility is the responsibility of not unduly risking his crew, and that anything will be pardoned rather than that. But when a private person, presumably interested only in the chance of having a great discovery somehow tacked on to his name, equips explorers for an adventure of such risk and requiring so much combined daring and discretion as an Arctic voyage, the position of the commander is a very unpleasant one. He feels himself bound to

give his owner a run for his money; he is reluctant to quit the quest without something solid and sounding, likely to satisfy the non-expert mind. He, therefore, hopes against hope, sacrifices himself, and in that sacrifice includes the sacrifice of the men under his charge. Such a thing is something like a public misfortune, and though in the present instance it does not concern England, and has to do with a form of ostentation which is not specially English, it is of importance to us because the kind of enterprise which it tends to bring into discredit is more identified with England than with any other nation. Of late years we have hardly held our own in this particular branch of adventure, and this is unfortunate, for reasons already mentioned. Let us by all means strive to run up the Union Jack on either Pole, if we can. But in doing so let the effort be made either with the guarantee of personal effort or with that of public responsibility. Advertising is a great and useful discovery; but this particular branch of the art strikes us as not worth cultivating, and indeed as being one the cultivation of which may fairly be regarded as likely to inflict not a little detriment on the State.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

WE called attention about a twelvemonth ago, not at all for the first time, to the design which has been sedulously advocated for some twenty years past—though happily as yet with very partial results—for a wholesale destruction of the City churches. The debate on the subject last Tuesday in the House of Lords seems strikingly to illustrate and confirm the argument we then urged, in connexion with an unofficial and ingeniously misleading "census-table" which had been put forward and commended with considerable flourishes of trumpets to the notice of its readers by the *St. James's Gazette*, with the double view apparently of showing how much better the Dissenting chapels in the City were attended than the parish churches, and how little use there was in retaining the latter. We need not repeat here our exposure of the many transparent fallacies deduced from these "remarkable and interesting figures"; but we are afraid from what he said, or rather from what he did not say, the other day, that the Bishop of London is still very far from appreciating the real state of the case. He reminded the House that in 1860 his predecessor in the see, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, got a permissive Act passed for the Union of Benefices, under which nine churches had been pulled down, and that as strenuous opposition was offered to the working of the Act—we suspect he is mistaken in ascribing it mainly to the Liberation Society—he had himself introduced a compulsory Bill in 1872, which passed the House of Lords but broke down in the Commons. The Bishop added that the present Bill was identical with the unfortunate one of 1872, but he did not think it necessary to offer any new arguments in its support. Neither did Earl Onslow, whose estimate of the facts seemed to be exclusively based on the *St. James's Gazette* returns, but who suggested a Royal Commission as a more satisfactory method of dealing with a subject requiring further investigation than a Bill. In this view Lord Middleton, who contented himself with repeating the stock arguments on one side and ignoring the answers to them, did not concur, as he wished for no further evidence. The only speech which even attempted to grapple with the question, or threw any fresh light on it, was that of Lord Carnarvon, who, without positively asserting that no legislation was required, pointed out unanswerable objections both to the details and the main principle of the Bishop of London's Bill. With minute particulars we need not concern ourselves here. The really important question is whether the fundamental assumption underlying this whole contention for destroying the old City churches and transferring their clergy and endowments to the suburbs can be accepted as correct. We have more than once before now shown conclusively that it cannot, and in doing so have dwelt substantially on the very same arguments urged with so much force on Tuesday by Lord Carnarvon. It is argued that, while the City parishes are numerous, the permanent population is scanty and diminishing, and the church accommodation is out of all proportion to its actual wants. "Within the City proper," according to the *Times*, "it is difficult, not to say impossible, to find worshippers for the churches"; and, "such being the case, what can be more natural than that" the churches should be demolished and the endowments follow the population? It has been proved on former occasions that there is a good deal of exaggeration and inaccuracy in these statements, even as regards Sunday services—which, be it remembered, are the only services taken into account either by bishops or newspaper advocates of the proposed change; but that is by no means the only or the main objection to their proposal from a practical point of view; on the æsthetic aspect of the question we shall have a word to say presently.

It is true that many of the City churches are ill attended on Sundays, though not so ill attended as it suits special pleaders to represent. But it is not true that the only, if indeed the chief, cause for this scanty attendance is to be found in the sparse population of the City; it is not true that the continued or increasing operation of this cause can be safely reckoned upon; and least of all is it true that Sunday worship is by any means the sole object for which these churches exist and ought to be preserved. It was pointed out by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, at the time of the publication of the skillfully

manipulated census above referred to, that the well-known healthiness of the situation might not improbably lead hereafter to the occupation of many of the thousands of flats and chambers in the City now unlet for dwelling purposes; and Lord Carnarvon reinforced this consideration by observing that "a reduction of the amount of the inhabited house duty would make a vast change in the number of permanent inhabitants in the City, and would consequently largely increase the spiritual wants of the district and the different congregations of the various churches." On this ground alone the folly of pulling down churches, the site of which once lost could never be recovered, is sufficiently obvious. And it is worth remembering, in view of the claptrap often talked on the subject, that even now the number of churches is considerably short of what it was formerly. Of the 98 parish churches within the walls of London before the Great Fire no less than 85 were burnt down, and of these only 50 were rebuilt by Wren; the present number therefore represents barely two-thirds of the original complement. Nor are those which remain left empty because no worshippers can be found near, so much as because the convenience of worshippers is for the most part systematically neglected. To cite Lord Carnarvon's words:—

Even as it was, however, the churches were comparatively deserted, not because they were too numerous, but because the necessary services to meet the wants of very large classes were not provided. There was, for instance, a large class of professional men who came into the City in the morning and who left it in the evening, who would be glad to attend daily services if they were performed at certain times of the day. Instead of that course being adopted, however, the custom was only to open the City churches on Sundays, and to keep them closed during the week. There had always been a large attendance at St. Paul's Cathedral on saints' and other days when service was performed in that noble place of worship, and statistics showed that when one of the large City churches in a leading thoroughfare had been thrown open for public worship during Lent some 50,000 persons had attended.

We may add that a short midday service held on all week-days throughout the year in a side chapel of St. Paul's, and originally commenced in compliance with the express request of several business men in the City, is largely attended, while the sermons preached under the dome at the same hour during Lent and Advent attract an audience of some thousands. It looks at first sight rather strange that it should have been left to an outsider, who avowedly does not speak as a Churchman, and is indeed careful to inform "the priests of a grand historic Church" to whom he appeals that he has himself "deliberately abandoned the faith they hold," to recall to the minds of prelates and clergy what one might have supposed would to religious believers, or at least to religious Anglicans, be little more than a truism. Yet it was Mr. Kegan Paul who in the *Nineteenth Century* two years ago came forward to remind those who are conducting this crusade against the City churches that religion can hardly be considered, especially by the pastors of a Church which provides daily offices in her Prayer-Book, a mere Sunday luxury, and that there is in truth no spot in the world where an earnest and discreet clergyman would find such great opportunities of usefulness as in the City "among the young, the active, the intellectual, the sceptical, and the curious—in fact among just those classes the parson hardly ever gets at." But, obvious as is the force of such reasoning, it appears to this day to have entirely escaped the apprehension of those with whom the chief responsibility rests in this matter.

It is perhaps only a mark of characteristic ingenuity in the *Times* to quote as "no less significant" for its own destructive argument than the alleged paucity of worshippers in City churches certain statistics concerning the incumbents which had been brought forward by Lord Carnarvon for a precisely opposite purpose. "Significant" undoubtedly these statistics are; the question is what they signify. Lord Carnarvon observes:—

One substantial ground of complaint, however, in connexion with these City benefices was the non-residence of the City clergy. According to a return which had been furnished on the motion of the noble marquis behind him, it appeared that of these clergymen 31 resided in the City, 25 in the country, 13 in the suburbs, and that five had no address at all. It was no wonder that in these circumstances the City churches should be abandoned by their congregations.

We have purposely italicized the last sentence, which contains the speaker's comment on the facts. The *Times*' writer, with these words staring him in the face, proceeds, after giving the previous sentence, to add, as though still quoting Lord Carnarvon, that "if a church does not require a resident incumbent, it has no very strong claims to a separate parochial existence." Be it so; but the very point of Lord Carnarvon's argument, as of Mr. Kegan Paul's before him, is that these deserted churches do "require" what unfortunately they do not possess, or, in other words, that if the incumbents did their duty by residing in their parishes they would find plenty of work ready to their hand. We can illustrate this by a little fact which came to our knowledge the other day. A poor man living in the heart of the City was visited during his last illness by a resident dignitary, who had no parochial cure and had only quite incidentally heard of his existence, but whose ministrations he thankfully accepted; his house was situated at the meeting-point of three City parishes, but he assured his visitor that he did not know by sight the incumbent of any one of them, and that no clergyman had ever come near him, though he had lived there for eleven years, and he had consequently lapsed into a sort of practical heathenism. We quite agree with the *Times* that facts like this are very "significant," but to our mind they signify just the opposite lesson to that embodied in the Bishop of London's Bill. It is easy enough to dispose of the suggestion of any possible uses for a church or its minister besides

the performance of Sunday service by airily assuming that "the Reformation must have made sad havoc with them." To seek a precise account of "the real intentions of the founders of the City churches" may be a difficult and not perhaps very profitable speculation, and there were, no doubt, some usages of mediæval devotion which nobody would desire to revive at the present day. But still, as we observed some years ago while pleading on architectural and æsthetic grounds for the preservation of Wren's churches, there are many practical purposes, such as making them the religious centres of Guilds, Confraternities, and the like, for which even those edifices not any longer required for ordinary parochial worship might be utilized. To the importance of preserving them for their historical and architectural interest the *Times* itself is not blind, and the Bill now before the House of Lords provides very inadequately even for this limited security against what Carlyle—who was neither an ecclesiastic nor an "æsthete"—denounced as "a sordid, nay sinful, piece of barbarism." But it would be a scarcely less sinful piece of stupidity, if not of barbarism, to retain the edifices and make no religious use of them. For the preservation of the churchyards—which is important in an æsthetic and sanitary no less than a religious point of view in the heart of a crowded city—the Bill does affect to provide, but it may reasonably be questioned how long sites of such high commercial value would be left intact when the buildings to which they owed their sacredness and their historical interest had disappeared. Nor can we readily appreciate the force of the stereotyped argument, repeated the other day for the hundredth time by Lord Midleton, that "no adequate means exist for meeting the spiritual necessities of the ever-increasing population beyond the City boundaries" except by alienating to their service the endowments of the City churches. Why cannot the suburban settlers do what their forefathers in the City did before them, and what the denizens of all other newly inhabited districts have to do, and provide churches and clergy for themselves? We dispute alike the justice and the expediency of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and if Peter is proved, as in the present case, to have done his work negligently, that is an excellent reason for reforming, not for suppressing, him.

MOUNTAINEERING.

THE *Alpine Journal* for May contains the concluding portion of Mr. Whymper's account of his ascents of the Andes of Ecuador. In preceding numbers which have been noticed in these columns, he has told how he reached the summits of nine great mountains, only two of which had been ascended before. After getting with very great difficulty to the top of Chimborazo, of which he made beyond all doubt the first ascent, he scaled in rapid succession Corazon, Cotopaxi, Sincholagua, Antisana, the highest peaks of Pichinqua, Cayambe, Sara-Urcu, and Cotacachi, failing only on one peak, Illiniza. In making these ascents, and in journeying through an uncivilized and sparsely populated country, the climate of which is most detestable, Mr. Whymper endured, it may be imagined, no small hardships, and shortly after the ascent of Cotopaxi his overtaxed strength gave way, and he was obliged to go to Quito for rest and medical aid. With a brief account of his stay there, the last chapter of his narrative ended. He now describes how, his health being restored, he went forth from Quito as much bent as ever on ascents, and how he succeeded by strenuous effort in reaching various places where the presence of man does not seem to have been contemplated by nature.

His first expedition was a failure, the same irritating peaks which had defeated him before baffling him a second time. After the ascent of Cotacachi he had despatched the two Carrels to ascend the stubborn Illiniza, and, when he had been a day or two at Quito, J. A. Carrel appeared with the news that the deed was done. Having been defeated on this mountain, Mr. Whymper naturally desired to ascend it himself, and he made straight for it on leaving the unpleasant capital. On June 9, 1880, he and his guides started for the summit, and, after making their way over glazed rocks and up a difficult ridge, arrived at the terminal glacier, and got to a point 16,925 feet high, and some 250 feet below the summit. Here, however, owing to the high wind and to the very dangerous state of the ice cornice above him, Mr. Whymper thought it best to turn; and clearly he exercised a wise discretion in doing so, as, had he gone on, a very rapid descent would probably have saved him from all further trouble on that or any other mountain. As it was clear that a considerable period of fine weather would be necessary to get the ice into better condition, and as fine weather in Ecuador is about as probable as weather which satisfies farmers in England, Mr. Whymper wisely determined not to waste time in sighing at the foot of a peak which was for awhile inaccessible, and went off to seek peril and discomfort elsewhere. He was not long in finding what he desired. After travelling through a most unpleasant country, and vainly endeavouring to get a native proprietor who offered 100 square miles of land for 14*l.* to put a price on a volcano he happened to own, the English explorer got to the valley between Chimborazo and Caribuarazo, a mountain nearly 17,000 feet high. This he shortly started to ascend, accompanied by his guides, and by a dog of mountaineering instincts who was determined to make a first ascent. The result of the expedition was disappointing. After ascending an extremely steep slope and passing through a gap in a huge cornice, the travellers found them-

selves on what was clearly a summit; but, as usual, a thick mist prevented them from seeing anything. After their return to camp the clouds opened for a time, and Mr. Whympier saw that he had been on the western peak of Carhuairazo, which is lower than the two eastern ones. However, he suffered greatly from snow blindness, so that his time was not altogether wasted; and he was destined to be shortly consoled for failure, or comparative failure, and, while making a successful ascent, to be rendered hideously uncomfortable in a totally novel and unexpected manner. He greatly desired, it seems, to close his expeditions in the Andes with a second ascent of Chimborazo, hoping presumably that if he again reached the summit he might perhaps enjoy a view such as no one had ever gazed on before. Accordingly, as soon as he and his men had recovered from snow blindness, he crossed a depression in the col connecting Carhuairazo with Chimborazo, and camped on the slopes of the latter mountain, at what appears to have been the only agreeable spot he found in the Andes. Although it was 14,360 feet high, humming-birds and butterflies fluttered around him, and for once the explorers must have had a pleasant evening. The non-delectable mountains had, however, a striking surprise in store for them.

From the abode of the humming-bird and butterfly they made a circuitous progress up the great slopes, and camped at the height of 15,950 feet. The summit of Chimborazo was now, according to Mr. Whympier's measurement, 4,567 feet above them, and Mr. Whympier judged that it would be possible to make the ascent from his second resting-place in one day. Early on the morning of July 3 he started with his followers, the weather being beautiful, and Cotopaxi and Illiniza, more than sixty miles away, distinctly visible. Soon, however, the true character of the climate of the Andes asserted itself. A strong and bitterly cold wind sprang up; and at the same moment Cotopaxi amiably began an eruption, of which the travellers were shortly to get the full benefit. Mr. Whympier says:—"Column of black, inky smoke rose with immense rapidity 20,000 feet above the lip of the crater, was then caught by an easterly wind, borne at right angles to its former course; then was taken by a northerly wind, and carried down upon us." It took a little time, however, for the stream of fine ashes to reach Chimborazo; and the explorers, with no very great difficulties to contend with in their upward course, made good progress. Before noon they struck their old track; and as the snow, though soft, was not nearly so soft as they had found it before, they traversed it without any very severe labour; and, after less than two hours' work, Mr. Whympier had the gratification of reaching for a second time the summit of Chimborazo. He found the staff which he had planted on his previous ascent still standing; and "in connexion with it there was," he says, "the singular circumstance that Nature had built a wall of ice on the eastern side, as if to protect it. The wall was six or seven feet long, and two feet thick, and rose to the level of the top of the pole." Nature's gracious mood had, however, disappeared before the day of the second ascent. Shortly after the arrival of the explorers on the summit the ash from Cotopaxi began to fall, and soon the fine dust blackened the plateau all over. It penetrated everywhere, and covered everything, filling the working parts of the instruments, rendering photography a failure, and making it difficult even to eat. Nothing, of course, could be seen through the gritty cloud; and thus, as Mr. Whympier says, in pathetic and justifiable italics, his "last ascent in Ecuador, like the first one, and all the intermediate ones, rendered no view from the summit." In spite, however, of the ashes, and of a bitterly cold wind, he stayed on the darkened plateau more than an hour, and took a careful barometrical observation. During the descent the ashes from Cotopaxi were falling so quickly that the travellers might have missed the right track had they not taken the precaution when ascending of planting sticks to mark the line. Aided by these, they descended without difficulty; but on arriving at camp found the tent not only covered but filled with ashes, so that everything had to be taken out and beaten. "Thus ended," says Mr. Whympier, "the most notable day's mountaineering I ever had. Everything was carried out without hitch. It was our last ascent in Ecuador." From the camp he continued his tour of Chimborazo, and when he had examined it sufficiently, made for Guayaquil, whence he proceeded home by the customary route.

Respecting the advisableness of making such expeditions as his in the Andes, opinions will probably differ much. It may be said that Mr. Whympier saw nothing during his ascents, and that, as even a mountain view was not obtained, it is difficult to understand what result was gained by persevering in them. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Mr. Whympier made his journey for the purpose of ascending the Andes of Ecuador, and that, if he had desisted when he found what the climate was, and how small was the chance of that fine weather without which mountain climbing is most tedious and trying, he might have been looked upon as one of those mild travellers dismayed by any serious discomfort or difficulty, of whom this country now produces a large number. As it was, he persevered with the most dogged and unflinching resolution, and in finding his way up peaks of which nothing was known he showed extraordinary skill. He was, moreover, able to do some valuable work. He ascended a large number of altitudes, added to geographical knowledge, and, as appears from passages in his diary, made large collections which are probably of considerable value. His journey, therefore, yielded good fruit, and resulted in more than merely reaching mountain tops; and, as it is quite unlike any other journey that has ever hitherto been made, it is to be hoped

that his present curt record will be succeeded by a more ample narrative, in which he will take his own *Scrambles in the Alps* for a model, and tell at length of his very remarkable expedition in the Andes of Ecuador.

Almost coincident, as it happens, with the appearance of Mr. Whympier's description of his second ascent of Chimborazo has been the arrival of news of a remarkable ascent in another far-off region by a member of the Alpine Club. From the New Zealand papers it appears that Mr. Green, a clergyman who journeyed to the antipodes wholly or partly for the sake of ascending Mount Cook, has reached the summit of that mountain. Like Mr. Whympier, Mr. Green took his guides out with him, and they seem to have rendered him admirable service. From an account given in the *South Canterbury Times*, it appears that Mr. Green and his men first reached with some difficulty what is called "the junction of the Tasman glacier with Mount Cook," and camped at this point, after leaving which they had apparently to camp out again before attaining the summit. Considerable difficulties were encountered; it is said that the average angle of the slope was 60 degrees, and that the leading guide cut two thousand steps, as to both of which facts we feel a little sceptical. Great difficulties must, however, have been encountered, as it was not until past six in the evening that the summit was reached. Like Mr. Whympier, Mr. Green was enveloped in mist on the top, and he was only able to stay there a few minutes, as darkness was so near. After descending 2,000 feet, he and his guides had to take refuge on a narrow ledge of rock, where they passed a most miserable night, having beneath them what the reporter calls "a precipice of ice—a perpendicular descent of thousands of feet." Next day in continuing their descent they seem to have been in some danger from avalanches; but they reached their camp in safety, and duly returned thence to abodes at the ordinary height above the sea-level. That their expedition must have been an exceptional one there can be no doubt, though, unfortunately, it is not easy to form a clear idea of it owing to the inflated language of the New Zealand journalist. It certainly proves, as Mr. Whympier's extraordinary ascents do, how strong is the spirit of enterprise in members of the Alpine Club. Ridicule and abuse seem only to have strengthened their devotion to their peculiar pursuit; and the result of incessant jeering has been to encourage one mountaineer to climb the Andes, and another to seek the summit of Mount Cook.

A LION TAMER.

THERE is a curious but a very intelligible fascination to most of us about the relations of men to the lower animals; about the reasoning powers which these animals seem to display; about their ready learning of obedience, and the different degrees in which this exists in different species; and, perhaps, most of all about the power which some men acquire over the fiercer and stronger, if not lordlier, beasts of the field. The relation between men and animals—civilized or savage—is happily for the most part a kindly one; Dickens gave a dog friend even to Bill Sikes, and was perhaps somewhat unjust to the dog in giving to him a good deal of the villainous colour which was rightly laid on to the figure of the dog's master. There is little doubt, however, that dogs do to a great extent catch their masters' ways both of thought and action; and, considering the mental resources of the dog tribe, it is perhaps fortunate for the human race that there is no race of gigantic dogs corresponding to the gigantic race of cats which has always supplied the tamers of "those animals which have had the misfortune not to be born human" with their favourite material. We do not in saying this wish for a moment to underrate the intelligence of the domestic cat; but the very independence of character which makes the cat seem to some people an unsocial and unattractive creature in private life also perhaps makes lions a less deadly race than they might be if they had the power of combination which has not infrequently been observed among dogs, wild or tamed. From another point of view, that of the tamer, who has to deal with an individual creature greatly disinclined to submit to authority, this quality probably commands less admiration; and in this regard a record lately written by "Un Vieux Parisien" in *Le Figaro*, of Henri Martin, the celebrated lion-tamer, has considerable interest. Henri Martin, unlike some tamers who have preceded and followed him, "s'est éteint doucement, à quatre-vingt-dix ans, au soleil d'avril, dans son paisible logis de dompteur en retraite, entre ses collections de papillons et ses volumes de botanique." It was a common story that he had been a sailor like the interesting old Breton who used to exhibit at the Zoological Gardens in London the tricks he had taught the "sea-lion" which came over with him; but, as a matter of fact, Martin began his career as a mere boy by taking to circus life. His biographer, who tells us this, tells us also that he only knew Martin personally when he was old and living in retirement, and when "il avait encore cet œil brillant qui devait avoir sur les fauves le pouvoir de fascination. Comment expliquer autrement son pouvoir?" When the "Vieux Parisien" first called upon him in Rotterdam, where he had become honorary director of the Zoological Gardens, Martin was away from home fishing. "A la pêche, le vieux dompteur! Quel contraste!" The two, however, the tamer and the old Parisian, began an interchange of letters; and one of

Martin's letters, written apparently before he met his correspondent in the flesh, is striking enough. It was à propos of the unhappy death of Lucas, another *dompteur*, and it set forth a good deal of Martin's history and of his method. He began, in his circus days, by acquiring an extraordinary power over horses, which he taught to do every trick known to the profession, and some, if "Un Vieux Parisien" may be trusted, which have hardly ever been repeated in exactly the same method that Martin employed. From this he went on to tame wild beasts; and, soon after he had started business as part proprietor of a menagerie, he had "travaillé huit mois pour dresser un tigre royal," while "une hyène mouchetée me rapportait mes gants." He was never seen with a whip in his hand; he crossed his arms, and gave his animals the word of command to leap on and off his shoulders; his method was, he thought, infinitely superior to that of the "dompteurs d'aujourd'hui," who, for the most part, get through their business by the terrorism of a heavy whip and a revolver. Their beasts obey them; but "ils ne sont pas apprivoisés comme l'étaient les miens, et, quand l'un d'eux se révolte, vous avez, par la fin tragique de Lucas, la connaissance du malheureux résultat." "But you will tell me," Martin went on to say, "you too have had as narrow an escape of your life as a man can well have in dealing with your lions. That is true enough, but there is a considerable difference."

"I had come," Martin goes on, "from playing the *Lions of Mysore* at Drury Lane to Boulogne, and after the third performance I told my wife that I thought I should have some trouble with my lion *Cobourg*, who was just then in a dangerous state of excitement. She begged me to put off the performance, and I replied, 'Non, car si je faisais cela une fois, il faudrait le faire chaque fois que les bêtes auraient des caprices.' The tamer's prophecy, however, came true. On the next night when *Cobourg* and the lioness ought in the course of the play to have come to his rescue, *Cobourg*, instead of taking his cue, crouched low and dug his talons into the stage. 'Ses yeux devenaient flamboyants.' Martin, dressed as an Indian, had no weapon at command except a dagger in his belt; 'Je vous l'ai dit, jamais de cravache.' He ordered the lioness off the stage, and the lioness went, but *Cobourg* ('étant en folie') leapt at him. Martin struck him over the muzzle, and in doing so broke his wrist and two of his fingers. The lion crouched again, and made another spring. The tamer put himself into such an attitude that the creature landed on his thigh, into which it dug its claws, and then took him up in its mouth, and shook him in the air. Again Martin struck *Cobourg* over the nose, and then, feeling his strength exhausted, gave himself up for lost, and turned his back to the lion, so that at the next spring the beast might attack the back of his neck, and so make an end of the business. 'Mais deux secondes se passent, deux secondes qui me paraissent une éternité! Je me retourne: le lion a changé de caractère. Il regarde le public, il me regarde. Je lui intime, par un signe, l'ordre de partir. Il part, il s'en va, comme si rien ne s'était passé.' Martin then, wrapping up his wounded hand in a shawl, explained to the audience that a 'petit malheur' had befallen him, but that he hoped in a day or two to give the remaining one of the performances advertised. He was laid up for fourteen weeks, at the end of which time he gave the performance, and '*Cobourg* travailla cette fois comme d'habitude. Il travailla encore pendant quatre ans sans caprices.' After quoting Martin's curious letter, the 'Vieux Parisien' tells the story of how Martin first tamed a tiger and a hyena. In the case of the tiger, he began by taking the brute's attention off the door of the cage, and then, armed with a dagger, went rapidly into the cage and stood looking at the tiger, which for some minutes lay motionless, staring at him. Then, feeling a 'frisson,' and knowing that, if the tiger saw it, it would be all over with him, he went swiftly out. At the end of a fortnight he went again into the cage, and this time stayed there half an hour. A third time he paid the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. 'La quatrième fois, le tigre, frémissant d'abord, se coucha devant ce pygmée qui le bravait.' No information is given as to what kind of hyena it was that Martin first encountered; but, to judge from the account of the animal's ferocity, and from the reference above quoted to the 'hyène mouchetée,' it is more likely to have been the *Hyena crocuta*, the tiger-wolf of the Cape of Good Hope colonists, than the more easily tamed and less fierce striped hyena. The plan which Martin adopted was identical with that said to have been pursued with the sea-lion by the Breton sailor above referred to. He wrapped his legs and arms round with cords, and protected his head with handkerchiefs, and then, walking into the cage, went straight to the hyena, and offered it his forearm. The hyena bit it, and the tamer, looking steadily in its eyes, stood motionless. The next day he repeated the experiment, substituting a leg for an arm; 'et toujours les prunelles noires de Martin dardaient leur éclair sur l'œil gris de l'hyène. La bête se lassa, rampa, flaira les pieds du maître.'

The 'Old Parisian' goes on to describe the 'dompteurs Pезон,' one of whom, now established with a troop of lions at the Barrière du Trône, began, as Martin began, by taming horses. Asked once if he had ever felt afraid in entering a cage of tigers, 'il se mit à rire. Peur? Moi? Oui, des puces.' Another tamer, Albert (du Havre), one day found a terrible quarrel going on between his bears. 'Albert ouvre la cage, se précipite au milieu des bêtes qui s'entre-déchirent, leurs museaux déjà rouges de sang; il les prend par la peau du cou, les sépare saignantes, et dit en s'essuyant, Voyez-vous ça? Ces ours! Ils allaient se tuer! Heureusement j'étais là.' The difference, according to the 'Vieux Parisien,' between all the modern lion-kings

and Martin is that Martin, as he himself said, really tamed (apprivoisa) his troop. 'Captain Cardono,' says the writer, 'the Englishman who gives performances at the Cirque Fernando, and who had a narrow escape not long ago, plays tricks with his creatures while he cracks whips over them or fires off pistols in a blaze of lime-light.' Martin tamed his *sujets* by his personal influence alone; and it was of him that Charles Nodier said one night, after looking at his performance, 'A la tête d'une armée Martin eût peut-être été Bonaparte. Le hasard a fait d'un homme de génie un directeur de ménagerie!'

AUSTRALASIAN PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

THE rapidity with which new communities have advanced in population and in material prosperity is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the present century. The Thirteen original American Colonies were planted along a narrow strip of the Atlantic coast slowly and painfully, maintained themselves with great difficulty, and, at the end of two centuries, had perhaps fewer inhabitants, and certainly had a smaller trade, than the Australasian colonies have now, at the end of half the time. But in the hundred years since the acknowledgment of their independence the United States have extended themselves across the whole continent, and are now one of the very greatest Powers upon earth. In comparison with this giant growth, that of the Australasian colonies attracts little attention. Yet, if we contrast the position of those colonies to-day with the position of the United States at the close of the War of Independence, we shall see how marvellously quickly they have passed from the stage of infancy to that of adolescence. Of course the conditions have greatly changed since the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts. Even at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth the population of England was superabundant, as the successive plantations of Ireland and the colonization of America prove. But now all over Europe the population is redundant. The recruiting-ground for emigration is therefore vastly increased. And the means of emigration are still more improved. The several Western European populations moreover have advanced enough in civilization to be unwilling to descend in the scale of living, and they are sufficiently law-abiding and energetic to be willing to expatriate themselves in search of fortune, rather than to turn their forces against the societies into which they were born. The wonderful expansion of trade, and the vast growth of the mercantile marine of the world which it has caused, have further provided means for carrying the surplus population from Europe to the new and unsettled countries of the world. Under the altered conditions Australia presents many attractions to the emigrant. The discovery of gold, the fertility of the soil, the extent of unoccupied land, and the mild character of the native races by which it was inhabited, all encouraged settlers to go out there; but, on the other hand, there were great disadvantages. The distance from Europe, the long and weary, as well as costly, journey, the great heat of the climate, and, above all, the newness of the society discouraged emigration. Perhaps the most necessary condition of successful emigration is that the country to which emigrants go should possess a large accumulated capital. When, for example, the failure of the potato caused famine in Ireland, the half-starving multitudes which rushed across the Atlantic in search of subsistence would have perished where they landed had they not found the means of immediate employment at good wages. The great majority of those emigrants did not carry with them funds enough to maintain themselves for any length of time, and, consequently, if they had directed their steps to Australia instead of to the United States, they must have died of hunger, because in Australia at that time there did not exist employment enough to pay and feed them. Necessarily, therefore, the growth of Australia has been slow compared with that of the United States. But at the same time the growth has been very rapid absolutely. A pamphlet issued by Mr. T. Richards, on 'New South Wales in 1881,' brings this out very clearly. The immediate subject of the pamphlet is the condition and progress of the oldest of the Australasian colonies; but the appendix enables us to see how wonderful has been the growth of the whole of the colonies.

Mr. Richards reminds us that the colony of New South Wales is not yet ninety-four years old, and that Australia itself was discovered barely one hundred and twelve years ago. Yet the population at the end of 1880 of the whole of the Australasian colonies was estimated at very nearly two millions and three-quarters, and now probably is three millions. But, in his eagerness to show how the colonies have advanced, Mr. Richards writes in a manner to mislead the unwary reader. He tells us that in the thirty years after the Australian gold discoveries, the population increased eight hundred and thirty-four per cent., while during the same period the populations of Canada and the United States increased by six hundred and sixty, and one hundred and twenty-six per cent. respectively. But it must be borne in mind that the populations both of Canada and the United States were very large at the outset compared with the population of Australia, and therefore the percentage comparison is misleading. Twenty-five added to one hundred is twenty-five per cent., whereas twenty-five added to a thousand is only two-and-a-half per cent., and added to a hundred thousand is only the fortieth part of one per cent. The growth of Australia, then, though enormous

in proportion to its numbers thirty years ago, is still not to be compared absolutely to that of the United States. Yet it is certainly very remarkable that in thirty years the population of Australia has risen from two hundred and fourteen thousand to over two millions of souls. It is still, however, excessively small compared with the vast area it occupies. The whole of the Australasian colonies have an area of three million one hundred and twenty-seven thousand square miles, or about double the area of our Indian Empire, and somewhat the same area as the United States. India contains a population of two hundred and fifty millions, and the Australasian colonies, with double the area, contain about three millions. The capacity for growth then is enormous, for the soil and climate of the Australasian colonies are certainly more favourable than those of India, and their natural wealth is perhaps not inferior. It is highly probable, too, that the growth in the future will be much more rapid than in the past. As we have already pointed out, a vast emigration to Australia thirty years ago would have been disastrous. The very poor would not have been able to maintain themselves, and the capital then accumulated in the colonies would not have been able to give vast numbers employment. It was most fortunate, therefore, that the emigrants directed their course to the United States rather than to Australia. But the growth of Australia is now sufficiently advanced to absorb a very large foreign element. Another thing to be noted is that, had a large foreign element been introduced at an earlier period, it would have submerged the original English settlement; but now, with a population of almost three millions of English-speaking people, with English laws and English institutions, the colonies are able to receive foreigners in large numbers, and to assimilate them without sensible inconvenience. Still more are they placed in a position to do so by the vast growth of wealth. The total value of the foreign trade of the colonies, imports and exports added together, in the year 1880, amounted to, in round numbers, ninety-four millions sterling, or nearly a seventh of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom. This gives on an average 35*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.* per head of the population, which shows how enormous must be the surplus production of the colonies, and how vastly profitable must be the business the population carries on. Moreover, the revenue of all the colonies added together exceeded in 1880 seventeen millions sterling, while the taxation proper was at the rate of over 2*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per head of the population. And, lastly, there were at the end of 1880 4,869 miles of railway open, and 1,170 miles under construction, while there were nearly 28,000 miles of telegraph lines open, and over 1,000 miles under construction. It will be seen then, whether we regard the foreign trade, the revenue, the railways, or the telegraphs, that the accumulated wealth of the colonies is now very large, and that, consequently, the colonies are in a position to receive a very large emigration, and that we may reasonably expect their growth to be very great during the next fifty or a hundred years. In a speech by Sir Hercules Robinson, late Governor of New South Wales, quoted by Mr. Richards, Sir Hercules expressed an opinion that within seventy-five or eighty years the population of the Australasian group will not be less than thirty millions. The prediction seems a very safe one, for during the preceding thirty years, as we have seen, the population was multiplied nearly nine times, and that it should be multiplied ten times within the next eighty years is therefore far from improbable. We should ourselves be inclined to expect a more rapid rate of growth, for the reasons we have already assigned, and because it is probable that the means of communication will constantly extend, and therefore that the voyage to Australia will be less formidable in the future than it has been in the past.

The climate of Australia, no doubt, is unfavourable to Europeans, and the want of great rivers is also very disadvantageous. But the climate, after all, is not such as to prevent a rapid growth of population, as we see, and the settling of the country is beginning to render it less liable to drought than of old. As Mr. Richards observes of New South Wales, and no doubt the statement holds more or less of all the colonies:—"The settlement of the interior is not only increasing the water in creeks and rivers, but bringing with it such a multitude of reservoirs for preserving the abundant rains, and of wells for getting water from below, that droughts are no longer the terror that they used to be"; and as the country is becoming better known, it is found to be rich not only in its soil, but in a vast variety of mineral wealth. Mr. Richards tells us that it contains gold, coal, tin, copper, iron, and silver, besides other minerals. The coal he asserts to exist not only in immense masses, but of the very finest quality, and of its richness in gold we need not speak. There is, however, one dark point in the otherwise brilliant prospect—namely, finance. All the colonies, we venture to think, are incurring debt at too rapid a rate. At the end of 1880 the aggregate debt amounted in round figures to ninety millions sterling, or over thirty-three pounds per head of the population. It may be urged that the debt is incurred for opening up the country by railways, and that in the long run it will be found to be a most profitable investment. And it may be also urged that the debt, after all, is less than six years' revenue. It is quite true that railways are a most profitable investment to new communities, or rather, indeed, that without railways new communities could not hope to grow rapidly, and therefore we grant that it is to the interest of the colonies to make railways. But, however advantageous railways may be, they may be made too quickly, as the United States have very clearly proved, and they may involve the colonies in serious losses, and even throw back their progress for a considerable time. As

regards the statement that the debt amounts to less than six years' revenue, it should be remembered that part of the revenue is raised by sales of land, and this is a point which deserves special notice. The colonies are all, in their eagerness to attract population, selling their lands at very low prices, and they are using the proceeds as revenue. No doubt the buyers can be taxed, and the more quickly, therefore, the land is occupied and brought under cultivation, the more rapidly in other ways will the revenue grow. But still the fact remains that the colonies are parting with their capital, and that they are spending a part of this capital as revenue. Such part of it as is applied to the making of railways, it may be urged, is merely a transference of capital from one employment to another. What was in the land is now in the railways, and continues to yield revenue. This, no doubt, is true; but to employ the proceeds of the land sales otherwise than in permanent investment is a waste of the capital resources of the colonies, and is making them less able to provide for the time when the population will become large, and some of the troubles of old countries will have to be faced. Already in the United States we have premonitory symptoms that the time is not far distant when the difficulties that have to be encountered by the older countries of Europe will have to be solved there somehow. And though the time of trial is more distant for the Australasian colonies, yet it will come, and the sooner Australasian statesmen realize the fact, the better it will be for the future of the colonies.

REVIEWS.

WOLLASTON'S ENGLISH-PERSIAN DICTIONARY.*

IF by some chance of historical revolution the country occupied by the unspeakable Turk had fallen into the possession of the Persians, there can be little doubt that the study of the Persian language might have become fairly popular in England. But though, after being discouraged by the earlier Caliphs, it revived in the tenth century and asserted its supremacy as a copious and polished tongue, fitted equally for poetry, philosophy, history, and diplomacy, it has been singularly unfortunate in its geographical position. It is spoken by the heirs of an effete dynasty and a decaying empire. Few Englishmen care to travel to Teheran or Shiraz in preference to visiting Palestine and Egypt, and had it not been that, owing to the Mohammedan conquest of India, Persian found its way to the Upper and Central Provinces and even to parts of the Deccan, and became interwoven in the very framework of all civil administration, there seems reason to doubt whether Englishmen of note would have left more on record about it than Xenophon, who must have heard it spoken in camp for months together, or than Themistocles, who, according to Thucydides, picked up a good deal of the language in the course of a year. But the exigencies of the civil and military services in India and the elegant scholarship of Sir William Jones in the last century, at once lifted Persian out of the rack of mere useful vernacular dialects, and separated it from those ponderous Oriental classics, such as Sanskrit and Arabic, which demand for their mastery the devotion of several years. Persian presented no subtle grammatical problems. Its construction was symmetrical and simple. It was admirably adapted to the translation of English political State papers; it abounded in legal terms; it was delightful as a medium of conversation and sounded pleasantly to the ear. Its only difficulties arise from its extreme copiousness and from the highly ornamental style often resorted to by philosophers and poets; but in palace, hall, camp, or bazaar it has no rival amongst Eastern languages for ease, fluency, and adaptability to all the practical purposes of life.

The author of this Dictionary has never travelled in Persia, nor, as we understand him, served in India in any capacity; and he very naturally excuses himself in his preface from what might be censured as a presumptuous attempt. But this apology was almost unnecessary. Had Mr. Wollaston attempted to write a manual for beginners, or a series of dialogues telling travellers how to speak to a Persian Munshi at Delhi, or how to ask for horses at a *Chapar-khanah* between Tabreez and Teheran, the case would have been different. For the latter, familiarity with the spoken and written idiom is absolutely indispensable. The former work can be accomplished by sheer diligence, labour, and reference to the best authorities. As an illustration of the distinction between the two, we can refer to works of the late Mr. Duncan Forbes. This gentleman had carefully studied Persian, Urdu, and Hindi; had edited Oriental works, and compiled useful grammars and dictionaries and a Hindustani manual for gentlemen and ladies. For years this last work was the inevitable accompaniment to purchases of overland trunks and helmets of pith or other light material, and was bought by scores of travellers. But to a practised eye there was always something to invite criticism. A word familiar enough in Bombay was out of place in Bengal, or *vice versa*. Of two or three common substantives available, the wrong one had been selected. Adjectives were misapplied; and though the sentences, in the main, were grammatically not

* *An English-Persian Dictionary*. Compiled from Original Sources, by Arthur N. Wollaston, H.M.'s Indian (Home) Service, Translator of the Anvar-i-Subaili, Editor of the "Miracle Play of Hasan and Hussain," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1882.

incorrect, there was a stiffness and awkwardness about some of them which provoked the comments of good scholars and the anger of tires. We are bound to state that in the late edition of Forbes's Manual by Mr. John Platts, of the Educational Department of the Central Provinces, these defects have been removed. With a dictionary, as we have said, the case is different. A compiler hunts out diligently all the equivalents for English terms which standard authorities can supply; and Mr. Wollaston has had the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, the Political Resident in the Persian Gulf, and of Mirza Bakir (we prefer this spelling to Baker), the native translator to the Agency at Bushire, who fortunately paid a visit to England and was familiar with Arabic, Turkish, and Persian. We gather, too, that when, after an "extensive course of reading" and the aid of the two gentlemen just named, the Dictionary was making progress, another less bulky work of the same kind was placed at the author's disposal by Mr. R. Monro Binning. This generous offer appears to have caused an alteration of plan; and, instead of completing the dictionary on its original foundation, Mr. Wollaston revised, amplified, and indeed doubled Mr. Binning's text, and he now publishes it as a guide and aid to students.

Of course it is not to be expected that the author can have crammed into little more than four hundred pages the endless resources of a language which can draw upon Arabic to a vast extent and which is computed to contain some forty thousand words, or by some even double that number. But, as about fifteen thousand words are said to have been used by Shakspeare, and a much less number by Milton, it is obvious that any one ought to become a very fair Persian scholar on a much less capital, provided that he can use the words with ease, efficiency, and correctness. And to such persons this work will supply a great want. To pretend in the space at our disposal to go regularly through the Dictionary would be absurd. All we can do is to explain the principles on which it has been compiled, and to notice its good points, as well as others which are open to criticism.

We are not quite sure whether the system of transliteration will command universal assent. Mr. Wollaston gives *v*, and not *w*, as the equivalent for the Persian *v*. Now for many words *v* is absolutely indispensable. The truth, however, seems to be that there is no absolute rule on the subject, and that by some speakers and for some words the Persian letter would be best rendered by *v*, in others by *w*, and in others by something between the two. The same difficulty is found in rendering with precision the sound inherent, or expressed by a well-known sign, in the second letter of the Persian alphabet, *b*. Sometimes it is *bā*, sometimes *be*, and then again *bi*. Mr. Wollaston prefers the latter vowel, and we by no means imply that he is always wrong. We much doubt, however, whether the verb "to show" should be rendered by *nimudan*. In Richardson's Dictionary we have *nūmudan*, or *nāmudan*; and this is certainly the pronunciation adopted in India, though we do not intend to assert the superiority of the scholars of Lucknow and Delhi over those of Shiraz and Isfahan. It is impossible, indeed, to turn over a work of this kind without being struck by the differences of pronunciation, of the use of particular phrases, and even of style, in Persia and in India. No doubt a good State-paper in Persian or a neat complimentary letter would be understood in both countries. We have heard Mahomedans who had never been out of Bengal and Behar converse intelligently with an envoy from the Khan of Bokhara, through the medium of their common Persian, on their very first meeting. But there are some terms current in Indian society which would be useless or unintelligible at a Persian rest-house. For instance, Mr. Wollaston gives for our "chair," *kursi*, *takht*, and *sandali*. The first is Indo-Persian. The second is rather a throne, or a seat, or even a bed; and it is often used as a combination, *takht-i-raven*, to express the litter or travelling couch in which travellers are conveyed when they do not wish to ride post. *Sandali* is the usual word for chair in Persia. For breakfast we have the alternative of *nāshā* or *nahār*. The former word is confined to Bombay. *Nahar*, a Persian word, shortened from *nāharah* and not to be confounded with the Arabic word meaning "day," is the correct Persian term. Dinner, or the evening meal, is rightly given as *shām*. *Haziri* or breakfast, in many parts of India and so rendered in Richardson, is very rare in Persia. A traveller who in Fars or Iran uses this Dictionary may be correct in styling himself a *musafir*, but a recent explorer of Khorassan, well acquainted with the language, informs us that in some provinces every wayfarer is termed a *gharib* or poor man, on the principle no doubt of Juvenal, that a *viator* ought to be *vacuus* in a land of robbers and Turkoman raiders. Sometimes Mr. Wollaston is rather in advance of Persian requirements with his resources of civilization. Goloshes are surely not often called into requisition in such a country, and their equivalent of *chakmah-posh* is a little puzzling. We resolve it by *chakmah*, a boot or cover for the leg, and *poshidan*, to cover. Similarly under the word "birch" we are referred to "rod," and there we find *chob-dasti*, which means a walking-stick. We should prefer the simple word *chob*. The honoured but somewhat disused instrument so inseparably associated with the name of Doctor Keate, is not used for correctional purposes in Persian. Culpits are unmercifully beaten on the soles of the feet by the *chob* or stick. For climate we have *hawa* only, or "air." We prefer *ab-o-hawa*, "water and air," these being in the East the essentials of a good climate for man and beast. Amongst the numerous equivalents for goods or possessions, we do not find the common word *asbāb*, literally "causes," from the singular *sabab*, but constantly used to signify chattels

and possessions, like *roba* in Italy. The Persian equivalent for our relative pronoun "who" has always been somewhat of a mystery. Several grammarians lay it down as a rule that *keh* or *kāh* is not to be so used, and that it does not answer to the Latin *qui*. *Keh* means only "that," or it may be used not for the relative but for the interrogative pronouns "who" and "whom." Yet it is easy to find passages where, in spite of grammarians, *keh* does appear to do duty for the relative pronoun, though strictly speaking we ought to express this term by the Persian *keh*, or, "that he." Mr. Wollaston, besides giving *keh* for the interrogative, adds the well-known word *kadām* to express "which," and Richardson's rendering of the latter term is "which" or "whosoever."

The various significations of the same terms are given on the whole with much perspicuity, and pains have been taken not to perplex or mislead a beginner. For instance, under "mood" we are referred to "temper," and under this word we get *mizaj*, *khaslat*, *tabiat*, and *khui*, all very useful words with very slight shades of difference. But if *bad-mizaj* is bad tempered, we should expect *neh-kho* to express a good-natured or humane man. Again, for "mood" in its grammatical sense we have to turn to "tense," and then we have past, future, present, and pluperfect, and everything that could be of use in a linguistic discussion or a Civil Service examination. Under *tufang*, a musket, are given all the parts of a gun—sight, touch-hole, screw, nipple, trigger, stock, and many others. The same variety is found under "sword." We recently noticed in some fiery discussions about national characteristics that Orientals were said to have no words expressive of gratitude and ingratitude, and this was of course used as an argument to prove the folly of showing kindness to a race which had no means of expressing any sense of favours done. How such a statement could ever be propounded by any one of the most ordinary Oriental scholarship amazed us very much at the time. Such words are constantly used in Sanskrit and its derivatives. A grateful person in Hindi is "one who knows or acknowledges what has been done"; an ungrateful man is he "who does not know what has been done," or "who destroys it." So in Persian the words for gratitude are *shukr-guzari*—lit. giving of thanks; *hakk shinasi*—lit. recognition of right; and for ungrateful people we find *nā-hakk-shinas*, *kafir-i-namat*, "unthankful for benefits," not to speak of others and of the familiar *nimak-harām*, "faithless to your salt"—an expression used during the Indian Mutiny some scores of times by officials and other persons whom Mr. Bright would doubtless have been glad to describe as "fleeing for their lives." The Persian language rather delights in forming substantives out of parts of verbs, and we find several of these words in this Dictionary, though not all that we looked for. Under "memorandum," however, we find as expected, *yād-dāsh*; and *bud-bāsh* for "dwelling or abode," from the past of the verb *budan* and the crude form of another obsolete verb; and *na-bud*, with the verb *kardan*, for "to annihilate," or to make as if a thing "were not." Of terms used to designate numerically particular objects, animate and inanimate, there is a curious variety; and it is in the highest degree unidiomatic in Persia or India to apply to a chattel the precise term set apart for animals and men. Thus the word "one" being expressed by *yak*, *rās* is added in the case of horses, sheep, and slaves; *dast* in the case of clothes and houses, and we are informed, also of chessmen and hawks; *nafar* is for men; *farvand* for boats and ships; *bab* for shops; *adad* is also used for chattels; *sanjir*, or chains, for elephants; and *dānah* for pearls. All these are tacked on to the numerals one, two, and three, but nothing except constant practice can teach the correct application of each term.

The utility of the Dictionary is enhanced by the appendices which deal with numbers, weights and measures, current coin, and names of persons and places. Persia itself, we should remind travellers, is known as Iran or Ajam. Fars, which is the original of our Persia, is a single province. Russia is *Russiyah*. Plato has been lengthened into *Aflātun*, and it is usual to say of a wise man that he is *Aflātun-i-Zamān*, or the Plato of the age. *Firman-jirmai* would sound oddly in India if applied to the Viceroy; but this is Mr. Wollaston's equivalent. The Dead Sea is "the ocean of Lot," *Bahr-i-Lūt*; but what sort of idea an inhabitant of Teheran can have of a country called *Ireland* it is not easy to imagine, unless he conceives the population of that interesting region to resemble, in habits and character, the Kurds or the Lazis and Daghestanis of the mountains. According to Mr. O'Donovan, who has lately given us a highly interesting account of Merv, the Turkomans divide all Europeans into the Black Russ and the White Russ, and they are kind enough to number Englishmen in the latter category. But, of course, in Persian cities a more accurate appreciation of nationalities may prevail. For Jews we should have given "Yahud" or "Yahudi," but Mr. Wollaston prefers *Ibrani* or *Ibri*. A few modern terms have very naturally got into Persia, some by translation and some by transliteration. The railway is the "iron way," but the telegraph is only altered to "*talagraf*," and is not as in India, "the lightning wire." For some words much in use in India in civil business we have looked in vain, though it is quite possible they may have escaped our notice. The term *baz-yafi*, for the resumption of invalid rent free grants, is one instance, and a legal rejoinder used always to be *radd-al-jawab*, or "answer to answer," and not merely *jawāb*. Rejoinders and replications have happily been swept away in India by simpler codes. Sir William Jones dwelt long ago on the frequent use of compound adjectives in Persian, and declared that in variety and elegance they surpassed German and English and even Greek. These adjectives are formed by joining a participle to a noun, an

adjective to a noun, or one substantive to another. *Dur-afshan*, "pearl sprinkling"; *khun-alud*, "bloodstained"; *jahan-afroz*, "world-enlightening"; *rang-amez*, "mixed with colours or deceitful"; are examples of the first kind. *Siyah-chasm*, "black-eyed"; *pak-daman*, "virtuous, lit. having a clean skirt," come in the second category; and *pari-ruyi*, *gul-rukh*, and *gul-rui*, "fair-faced, rosy-cheeked, and rosy-faced," are very familiar examples of the third. We do not blame Mr. Wollaston for not giving these elegant epithets, which can be multiplied indefinitely according to the imagination and learning of a writer and grow under his practised pen. That the work, as a whole, will much facilitate the labours of Indian civil servants, travellers to Mashad, and attachés to the Persian Embassy, is certain. Indeed, with this Dictionary, Professor Palmer's concise work originally published in 1876, and the excellent Manual compiled by Captain Wilberforce Clarke, R.E., published in 1877, a student can have little excuse if he fail to master the Gulistan and the Sikundar-Namah, and to discourse pleasantly with Moulavi and Shaykh.

DU CAMP'S LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

WE have known it to be inquired, not merely by foreigners who knew something of France, but by Frenchmen themselves, with a certain surprised curiosity, what the special claims of M. Maxime du Camp were to a chair among the Immortals. Certainly he might have found some difficulty in answering the stock query which it is said the late M. Viennet—last of the Classics save the still surviving M. Nisard—used to put to candidates when they paid him the solemn visit of candidature:—"Sir, what is your genre?" M. Maxime du Camp has not got a genre, or at least, if he has one, it is by no means academically recognized. He has written, like everybody else of his generation, tales, *salons*, travels; but none of these have gained much hold on the public. His chief work, and the one by which hitherto he has been known, is his book (it is too big to be called a handbook) on Paris, which may be described as a very elaborate combination, produced with no small literary skill, of a topographical guide and a work like Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor*. This may seem an odd passport to the Academy. But M. Maxime du Camp has other claims which count for much in an election, though they might be difficult to justify before a rhadamanthine Election Commission. Unlike the majority of young Frenchmen who take to literature, he was able to devote himself thereto at an early age without let or hindrance of relations, and without pressure of need to "potboil," and all his work has accordingly a certain ease and finish about it at which the literary hack too often aims in vain. It has been his good fortune to know most of the men of letters of the last thirty years, and while he has been a friend of many (there are few names that occur oftener than his in epigraphs and dedications), we are not aware that he has been the enemy of one. His politics have made him obnoxious to no party except the extreme irreconcilables, who hitherto have not had to be reckoned with, and, without the disadvantage of being ticketed as an "aristocrat," he is known to possess grandfathers, which even in Republican France is still an advantage. In short, M. Maxime du Camp appears to be one of those men who are at once pleasant members of society and creditable citizens of the republic of letters, and a certain proportion of whom may be said to be an absolutely necessary ingredient in any literary assemblage.

We should not have busied ourselves with M. du Camp in this way (it is needless to say that we have mentioned nothing which is not *publica materies*) if his personality had not a good deal to do with this book. The kind of man which we suppose him to be is of the ideal stuff for a reminiscence writer. Your reminiscence writer who has not enough of the literary *ethos* spoils the subject; your reminiscence writer who has too much of it thinks too much of himself, and gives, instead of a pleasant mingling of biographic sketches, one long autobiography. Besides, the literary man of the world has many advantages over the professional *littérateur* in making and observing friends. We can say frankly that M. Maxime du Camp's book is an exceptionally good example of its kind. Like all books of that kind, it requires a certain acquaintance with and interest in its subject-matter. If the reader knows little and cares little about the political and literary history of France for the last generation, he will still find in M. du Camp a writer of pleasant scholarly French, and a teller of not a few amusing anecdotes; but he will miss three-fourths of the interest of the book. If, on the other hand, he knows something of French Governments, French social habits, French literature, during the last half-century (for M. du Camp's reminiscences extend to that period), he will find the book one of the most attractive of the sort that he has met for some time, and he will assuredly leave not a line of it unread.

We have said or hinted that M. du Camp's memories extend over a surprisingly long period. He is not, we believe, by any means an old man, yet he remembers how, when Charles X. was King, the wretched creatures condemned to the galleys were marched on foot all across France in a chained herd. But it is with the political and literary revolution of 1830 that M. du Camp begins to be a really fertile and amusing witness. In the first place, he has a great deal to tell us about his schools, of which, though one of

them was no less famous a one than the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, M. du Camp, not for the first time, gives the very worst account. It is a notorious fact that, with hardly an exception, Frenchmen look back on their school days with a horror at least as great as the half-regretful pleasure with which Englishmen as a rule regard them. The reason of the difference has been discussed over and over again, and there is no need once more to enter into it. The absence of healthy amusements, a low class of masters, excessive and worrying, if not exactly cruel, punishments—these are the unvarying charges. But, while M. Maxime du Camp was vexing his soul over impositions and in garret-prisons, which he declares to be still in use, all sorts of oddities were going on outside which he beheld on his days of liberty. The antics of extreme Romanticism (*Bousingotisme*) and all the rest of it, were at their height, and so were many of the diversions of Paris which are now merely a name or a tradition. Even within doors there was the excitement of scandalizing the *professeurs* by avowing an admiration of Victor Hugo. M. du Camp tells a capital story, which, hackneyed as most of the legends of that famous time have become, is we think new, of a good pedagogue, to whom, as he was violently denouncing the famous *enjambement* in *Hernani*—

C'est bien à l'escalier

Dérobé.

a schoolboy had the wit to object a most undoubted *enjambement* in the *Georgics*. Thereupon the unhappy M. Taranne, who had already pronounced the author a "malfaiteur," and his work an "insulte à la probité littéraire de la France," became almost speechless at the blasphemy of the comparison. "N'insultez pas Virgile!" he cried out. "Le rejet que vous rappelez est un trait de génie; celui de votre M. Hugo" (il chercha le mot et finit par dire à voix basse) "est une mauvaise action." Puis il ajouta "Laissons cette conversation—ça fait trop de mal."

The contents of a book of this kind necessarily defy abstract in a review, and we can only refer generally to the very pleasant sketches of travels in France, Algeria, Egypt, and Syria which it contains; to the account of a stay at Constantinople when M. du Camp had the good luck (without at the time knowing it) to have a Circassian knife given to him by no less a person than Schamyl in exchange for a rifled carbine; to some notes of the Revolution of 1848; to reminiscences of Gautier, of Gérard de Nerval (whose admirers will regret to hear that the slave whose purchase figures in the *Voyage d'Orient* resorted to personal violence against him), and to a hundred other things of the same kind. But there is one feature of the book which is both specially interesting and specially important. It contains by far the most elaborate personal account yet published of Gustave Flaubert. Now Flaubert, as everybody knows who knows anything about him, is perpetually invoked by the Naturalist school as proof that their ways and methods are compatible with great literary excellence. They do not, and indeed they cannot, contend that he was altogether theirs; indeed they lament the old man of Romanticism which lingered in him. But still he is their St. Christopher; their big man, to put forward and hurl against their foes. Now no one who formed his opinion of the author of *La tentation de St.-Antoine* from his own works could fail to see that his methods and those of the Goncourt-Zola school were radically different; and that Flaubert, with many and grave defects, some of them very hard to forgive, was essentially an artist, which is equivalent to saying that he was the very reverse of a naturalist. It was further evident from this work that there must be something wrong in the legends which represented its author as a jovial, free-living personage who daffed the world in a Rabelaisian manner, and cared for nothing but the society of M. Zola and the telling and the hearing of stories such as (in M. Zola's inimitable language) are told only by "fiers mâles," and which certainly are not intended *virginibus puerisque*. This book of M. Maxime du Camp's explains the whole nature of this strange man of letters. M. du Camp and Flaubert made acquaintance when both were students—it seems, by the way, from M. du Camp's account, to be a mistake to speak of Flaubert as having ever studied medicine. This acquaintance soon passed into "knowing each other at home," and they were constant comrades on foreign tours and in their native country. It is rather annoying, even to persons who are by no means very greedy of personal details, that a voluminous correspondence between the two was burnt by agreement when Mérimée's *Lettres à une inconnue* were published. However, M. du Camp reserved a few letters by permission, some of which appear here, and has his notes and his memory to help him. A walking tour in Brittany (not, we fancy, a very common amusement with Parisian youth forty years ago) was a complete success, but a joint expedition to the East was less happy. M. du Camp represents Flaubert as never having got over attacks—of an epileptic kind, it would seem—which came on him in early manhood and carried him off only the other day. The conduct which he describes as resulting from these attacks is certainly strange enough (his fellow-traveller on one occasion actually induced his mother to write to M. du Camp imploring him not to take Gustave to Persia, the objection really coming from Gustave himself, who had been wild to go), and the biographer more than hints that the more repulsive characteristics of *Madame Bovary* and its successors were simply morbid in the full medical sense. At the same time, though we are not quite certain that he does full justice to his friend's genius, M. du Camp brings out excellently the enormous and heroic labour which was, next to his singular literary power, of which indeed it was the cause, the chief characteristic of the novelist.

* *Souvenirs Littéraires*. Par Maxime du Camp, de l'Académie Française. Tome I. Paris: Hachette. 1882.

Every book and every page of every book seems to have been composed and re-composed over and over again. In this, no doubt, may be found the secret of the fact that Flaubert almost alone among novelists improves on every fresh reading. It is at first almost impossible to take in all the details of his accurate and careful composition, the subtle felicities of his comparatively simple and yet elaborate phraseology. Nor can it be doubted that this is in its way a positive drawback to a work of fiction, where the reader does not want to be *géné par le style*. But, of "documents littéraires," in M. Zola's sense—that is to say, of the tumbling of a scrap-book of observed facts pell-mell into a novel and letting them take their chance—there is no sign in Flaubert. Charles Bovary was indeed, it seems, a real person, and his unhappy fate was not dissimilar to that recorded in the novel. But the naturalist, as distinguished from the artist, takes his details, and not only his main suggestion, from actual fact. The only approach that can be observed in Flaubert to the naturalist heresy is the scrupulous care which he always showed in getting up local colour of all sorts. But this is a very different matter from the slavish photography of M. Zola's science, falsely so called.

We shall look forward to M. Maxime du Camp's second volume with a great deal of interest.

JEBB'S BENTLEY.*

THIS little book deserves to take rank with the best of its companion volumes. It comes not only from a competent hand, but from the hand best fitted for the task that could have been found; and the brevity which is the fundamental law of the "Men of Letters" series does not prevent this last addition from being an excellent and finished literary performance. Professor Jebb had, indeed, every qualification and cause for taking up the exposition of Bentley to modern readers as a labour of love. Himself a distinguished member of the college over which Bentley ruled with more mastery than discretion, and accomplished both in the artistic refinements of classical scholarship and its modern critical methods, he has brought to the task both the ample knowledge and the perceptive sympathy of a tried worker in Bentley's own field. The present time, moreover, is an especially opportune one for an estimate of Bentley; and Professor Jebb has made the best use of the opportunity. Bentley was a great scholar, and something more. If it is in any case allowable to speak of creation in the sciences which do not predict the future but interpret the past (and we think it is, for the undiscovered past is no less obscure to us than the future), he must be called a man of creative genius in scholarship. He gave a new impulse and direction to classical studies which was felt throughout the world of letters. In our own days other new impulses have been given, and English scholarship has already become a different thing now from what it was when Professor Jebb was carrying off its most brilliant academical honours twenty years ago. Living in a time of advance and discovery, when fresh points of view are opened and unexpected treasures revealed on familiar ground, we are the better able to appreciate at its true value the advance made by men like Bentley, whose names mark the constructive epochs of earlier stages. In this spirit Professor Jebb has commented on Bentley's position and achievements. He might have been excused for taking a less catholic view of classical learning, or even for becoming a champion of the old insular school. But he has chosen the more arduous and better way. The exclusiveness of so-called pure scholarship has no place in his teaching. Parts of this book are almost a manifesto on behalf of the newest methods, and as such have a value of their own apart from their illustration of Bentley's career.

The critical part of this volume will for these reasons be the most interesting to scholars. But in the biographical part Professor Jebb has been equally diligent, and has equally avoided anything that savours of compilation or abridgment. Original authorities have been used throughout, and the whole story has the air of life and reality which second-hand work always misses. There was not much to be done in the actual discovery of new matter; but fresh point is given to more than one incident by judicious comparison of times and circumstances, and in some cases misapprehensions have been removed. We need not mention the facts of Bentley's life here except in connexion with his works and Professor Jebb's treatment of them. No one who takes any interest in the subject can have any rational excuse for wanting a shorter account than is contained in the book itself. Bentley's serious devotion to scholarship began in the years immediately before the Revolution, when he was Stillingfleet's family tutor. He then entered upon those minute studies of ancient literature and literary history which afterwards gave his enemies the cheap gratification of deifying him as a mere dull index-maker. It is an ancient and wonderfully persistent opinion that accurate knowledge has a natural association with dulness, and conversely that the graces of literature exclude solid learning. Bentley was an unfortunate person to fasten this stale reproach upon, as his English writing, if not exactly graceful, was certainly not wanting in spirit and vigour. Pope, however, could find no better point to his satire when, for reasons wholly unconnected with the merits of the case, he dragged Bentley into the *Dunciad*. Meanwhile Bentley, not

yet illustrious enough to have enemies, established his reputation at the age of twenty-eight, by a letter addressed to Dr. Mill, in the form of remarks on an obscure Greek chronicler whose work was then issuing from the Oxford press. This letter ran over a wide field of learning and criticism, and showed all the characters of the author's mature style. With his enormous verbal knowledge of the classical texts, Bentley was never a mere verbal scholar. Nor did he omit exact scientific studies in other departments. His appointment to deliver the first course of Boyle Lectures gave him occasion to master Newton's Physics, which he did to Newton's own satisfaction. A year or two later we find him associated with Newton and Locke in a small conversation club which met at his lodgings in St. James's. The other members were Evelyn and Wren. To keep such company, as Professor Jebb remarks, Bentley "must have been distinguished by something else than insolent erudition."

The capital work by which Bentley's memory is best preserved among the educated public is his Dissertation on the Letters of Phalaris. Two chapters are given by Professor Jebb to this; one for the story of the controversy, one for an account of Bentley's performance on its intrinsic merits. Professor Jebb's exposition of the pseudo-Phalaris is very good reading, and he throws in at the end a few more evidences, in addition to Bentley's, that the work is the forgery of some late rhetorician. To any modern scholar, he says, the spuriousness of the whole thing is as palpable on the face of it as it was to Bentley; and the importance of Bentley's work is not that he reduced this to demonstration, but that his manner of doing it "disclosed that broad and massive structure of learning upon which his conclusion rested." Bentley's immediate antagonist, Charles Boyle, did not assert that the letters were genuine—a circumstance forgotten or overlooked, as Professor Jebb notes, in most modern accounts of the business. But for Bentley's critical attack, it looks as if he was almost ready to declare himself against them. The quarrel was really a personal one, brought about by an alleged offence of Bentley to Boyle in the matter of a manuscript belonging to the King's Library, of which Bentley was then librarian. Boyle's original complaint was unreasonable, and he refused to withdraw it even when Bentley fully explained that he was not answerable for the supposed discourtesy. From such a petty fountain-head came the full pouring out of Bentley's learning in his Dissertation. He embodied in this work a series of monographs, not merely on language, but on such special matters as Sicilian coinage, besides an excellent account of the natural history of literary forgeries in general. "As a consecutive argument, it represents the first sustained application of strict reasoning to questions of ancient literature." At this day Bentley's triumph seems a complete and easy one. But it did not seem so to the wits or even the scholars of the time. He was too far in advance of his age for his power to be felt all at once. The genuineness of the pseudo-Phalaris was treated as an open question, as Professor Jebb shows by extracts from writers inclined either way, for many years afterwards, and even into the present century.

Thus far Bentley has appeared as successful in his undertakings. His hand could be roughly laid upon adversaries, but it had a fine and felicitous touch for classical texts decayed by time and perverted by ignorance. When it came to editing Horace, his fortune seemed to desert him. Yet it was not strange that Bentley's Horace should be a monument of rashness as much as of learning. The restoration of thoroughly corrupt Greek texts was not the best of preparations for editing a difficult but fairly sound Latin one. Bentley was by this time so accustomed to correction that he corrected Horace in season and out of season, or rather much out of season and very little in season. "It is a rule applicable to most of Bentley's corrections," says Professor Jebb, "that their merit varies inversely with the soundness of the text." This temper produced far more disastrous results when he came to deal with *Paradise Lost*. To make room for his supposed improvements on Milton he framed, and for aught that appears really believed, a theory of a blundering amanuensis who had corrupted words, and a fraudulent editor who had foisted in whole passages of his own. It is well to turn back from this to Bentley's labour in more congenial fields.

The edition of Manilius published in Bentley's old age, though planned since his youth, gives Professor Jebb occasion for introducing a pretty conjecture of his own, which, by the mild remedy of transposing two half-lines and altering one letter, restores good sense to a passage at first sight unintelligible. Bentley's Homeric work—ridiculed, like almost everything he did, by contemporaries who could not or would not understand it—is also duly described, and some specimens of his unpublished notes are given from a copy of Homer in the library of Trinity College. His discovery of the digamma in the Homeric verse remains as a monument of admirable critical insight. His emendations in detail appear to have been, like those in Horace, mostly uncalled for and of the wrong sort—that is, alleged improvements of sense or construction, put forward without seriously considering whether the reasons for rejecting the common reading were sufficient, and without considering at all in what manner, if it were indeed corrupt, its existence was to be accounted for. Modern criticism has learnt to be bold with caution. We do not now accept verbal harshness or slight logical inexactness as good cause for rewriting the phrases of an ancient author in the form in which we (who, after all, cannot know so much of the genius and possibilities of his language as he did himself) should have expected them to be written. We require it to be shown with reasonable certainty that the words which it is

* Bentley. By R. C. Jebb, M.A., D.L.L. Edin., &c. (In "English Men of Letters" Series.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

proposed to alter will not bear a sense appropriate to the context and consistent with their known usage; and we further require the proposed emendation to be not only such that the author might have so written, but such as to give a clue to the existing state of the text. In short, we exclude ingenious guesswork, and demand historical reconstruction. We regard conjecture, as Professor Jebb says, as the last resource when direct evidence fails. Bentley carried it as a sword ready to be drawn and wielded on every slight provocation. An example is given by a verse quotation in Strabo which Bentley altered, not violently indeed, but without satisfactory result. Casaubon more discreetly left it alone, professing himself unable to mend it without better MS. authority. Professor Jebb, however, solves the difficulty by one of those happy strokes which look so obvious when they are made. He transposes a single word, and thereby not only clears up the sense, but makes a good verse of one which, as Bentley left it, offends against a rule of Attic prosody discovered since his time.

The final chapter gives a brief history of classical scholarship from Bentley's day till our own. What Professor Jebb says about the advances recently made, the direction in which improvement is to be looked for, and the permanent value of classical studies, is especially welcome to us, as confirming the opinions we have several times expressed here. We shall, therefore, quote his words without further introduction or comment:—

The gain of scholarship during the last fifty years has been chiefly in three provinces—study of manuscripts, study of inscriptions, and comparative philology. The direct importance of archaeology for classical learning has of late years been winning future recognition, to the advantage of both. . . . Probably the study of classical antiquity, in the largest sense, has never been more really vigorous than it is at the present day. If so, it is partly because that study relies no longer upon a narrow or exclusive prescription, but upon a reasonable perception of its proper place among the studies which belong to a liberal education; and because the diffusion of that which is specially named science has at the same time spread abroad the only spirit in which any kind of knowledge can be prosecuted to a result of lasting intellectual value. While every year tends to refine the subdivision in that vast field, Bentley's work teaches a simple lesson which is still applicable to every part of it. The literary activity of the present day has multiplied attractive facilities for becoming acquainted with the ancient classics at second hand. Every sensible person will rejoice that such facilities exist; they are excellent in their own way. Only it is important not to forget the difference between the knowledge at second hand and the knowledge at first hand, whether regard is had to the educational effect of the process, or to the worth of the acquisition, or to the hope of further advance. Even with a Bentley's power, a Bentley could have been made only by his method—by his devoted and systematic study, not of books about the classics, but of the classical texts themselves; by testing, at each step, his comprehension of what he read; by not allowing the mere authority of tradition to supersede the free exercise of independent judgment; and by always remembering that the very right of such judgment to independence must rest on the patience, the intelligence, the completeness with which the tradition itself has been surveyed.

CAMEOS FROM THE SILVER LAND.*

THE strange and perplexing title which Mr. White has prefixed to his book reminds us of a story which used to be told at Cambridge about the celebrated Mr. Simeon. One of his pupils was reading to him a sermon, perhaps the first that he had ever composed, in the course of which he came to the following passage:—"Amid this tumult the son of Amram stood unmoved." "Whom do you mean by the son of Amram?" inquired the divine. "If you please, sir, I mean Moses." "Then, if you mean Moses, why do you not say Moses?" was the reply. In the spirit of this advice we would suggest to Mr. White that it would have been simpler and better to have written "Argentine Republic" instead of "Silver Land," and "Pictures" or "Sketches" instead of "Cameos." But we are sorry to say that the defects of the book do not end with the title-page. The work, though it bears the name of a London publisher, was evidently printed at Buenos Ayres, and in consequence bristles with typographical errors, faults of punctuation, and the like. Again, the author has lived among Spaniards long enough to forget the construction of his own language, and delights in long grandiloquent sentences, some of which are quite unintelligible, while others can only be understood after a patient study, which probably few readers will care to give to them. What, for instance, are we to make of the following? It is the first sentence in the sixth chapter, which is headed—why Mr. White alone can tell—"Brahma—Vishnu—Siva." We have been careful to preserve the spelling and punctuation of the original:—

To decipher the past, read the present and predict the future of the Argentine Republic fully, demands inspiration from the triune Vedic God; but as without the divine afflatus, the landmarks of its history are so visible, the tendencies of today so patent, and the shadows of the morrow so lengthened, to gauge its existents or cast its horoscope, requires but little judgement in the one case or sagacity in the other.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. White should not have sent his book to England to be printed, with a commission to his publisher to have it made presentable before he issued it, for it is really well worth reading. So far as we know, it is the only modern book, in our language at least, about a part of the world which is gradually coming forward into notice, and likely soon to compete with Australia and America as a field for European emigration. The author has evidently resided in the Argentine Republic for

the greater part of his life. We gather that he has made Buenos Ayres his head-quarters; but, besides this, he has travelled into some of the remoter districts, partly for amusement, partly on business, and partly to gratify his taste for natural history, with which he seems to be well acquainted, though we must admit that some of his stories demand a faith stronger than ours for their literal acceptance. He is evidently devotedly fond of his adopted country; when he speaks of foreigners who go home with the intention of remaining, but yet return in a few months, "the victims of an indefinable magnetism which this country exercises," it is easy to see that he is himself under the spell of the same influence. Still he is not a mere partisan. He distinctly notes the advantages and disadvantages of the country, especially to Englishmen, and warns intending emigrants, in language which for once is destitute of hyperbole and periphrasis, against the difficulties that await them from natural causes and foreign competition.

The Argentine Republic, which occupies the greater part of what we may call the tail of South America, from the 22nd parallel south latitude to Cape Horn, and from Chili on the west to the Atlantic on the east, consists practically of eighteen separate States or districts, united together in a more or less compact federation. There is a Central National Government at Buenos Ayres, the metropolis, consisting of a President and his Ministers, a House of Representatives, and a Senate. The jurisdiction of this Government is supposed to be paramount throughout the Republic in all Imperial matters; but it has no right to interfere with the internal administration of the provinces, each of which is free to make a Constitution for itself, and boasts a separate Governor, also with Ministers and a Legislature, after the model of the central authority. Moreover there is a Constitution, which, so far as the letter goes, is one of the most perfect upon earth. It balances, with exact precision, the relations of the provincial and central Governments, and if the governed were only a set of puppets, all would perhaps go well. As it is, however, it has to manage a heterogeneous assemblage of Spaniards, Germans, Italians, French, English (including a large proportion of Irish), Americans, together with several native races, and the half-breeds arising from the mixture of these various stocks. It is fortunate that the population is, for the present, scattered sparsely over a vast territory with imperfect communications, so that the acts of one province are not known in another for some length of time. By this means the general peace is maintained, with the exception of an occasional revolution; but in the provinces themselves it is very different. As the separate Legislatures have the right of borrowing money, of imposing taxes—"very arbitrarily at times," says Mr. White—and of "fostering or extinguishing any interest, such as a colony or a bank," we are not surprised to hear of frequent revolutions, and only marvel greatly when we are told that they "are seldom attended with bloodshed." This, however, is not the case with efforts after provincial independence, for only the year before last, when Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios made an attempt to withdraw from the Confederation, "one or two bloody battles" were fought—for the Argentine Republic possesses an army—and "the conspiracy was quenched in the blood of the nation," after which "the Republic looped up another hole"—a figure which is, we confess, wholly beyond our comprehension—and matters have gone on quietly for nearly two whole years. Apparently these convulsions are local, like thunderstorms, and do not affect either credit or industry. Like the Marquis who stayed in Paris through the whole Revolution, and, on being asked if it had not been a very terrible time, replied, "J'avais toujours mes Mercédès," the hardworking, unpolitical part of the population goes steadily on and develops the resources of the country, regardless of rival theories and competing system-mongers. It must, however, be admitted in justice to the present Government that many improvements have been lately introduced which will be of permanent value whatever happens. The first of these is education. Buenos Ayres and Cordova boast of Universities whereat degrees in all the faculties are conferred; each provincial capital has its National college; while, scattered through the smaller towns and hamlets, there are as many as two hundred public libraries and two thousand primary schools at which attendance is obligatory. There is a uniform standard of weights and measures, and a uniform currency; lines of railway have been planned and in part constructed; and the electric telegraph "flaps its lightning wings," as Mr. White says, or, in plainer prose, has been laid down for more than seven thousand miles. Above all, the administration is strictly honourable. A former President is reported to have said "that two millions of Argentines would rather starve than leave their public obligations unliquidated," and Mr. White assures us that these excellent principles have been adopted by his successors, and that honesty of purpose still reigns supreme at headquarters.

The most valuable, and certainly the most readable, parts of Mr. White's book are those referring to physical geography and natural history. The resources of the Argentine Republic are, he says, "practically boundless," and need only capital and labour to develop them. That they are of the most varied character is only what we should expect from a country of which the climate ranges from tropical in the north to arctic in the south. In those fortunate provinces which are within reach of the great rivers and their affluents there is a rich soil, a balmy climate, and a luxurious vegetation. Mr. White writes with enthusiasm of the "Elysian fields" of Misiones; "no spot on the earth's surface could be selected where the gifts of nature are more bounteously bestowed"; of the forests of Gran Chaco, full of excellent

* *Cameos from the Silver Land; or, the Experiences of a Young Naturalist in the Argentine Republic.* By Ernest William White, F.Z.S. Vol. I. London: John Van Voorst. 1881.

timber trees, and sufficiently extensive "to stand the strain of the present or even an increased rate of destruction for 200 years to come"; of the sugar, cereals, rice, cotton, and coffee of Jujuy; of the "one vast garden" presented by Tucuman; of the vines of Mendoza, producing a Burgundy slightly inferior in bouquet to the French wine, but decidedly superior in body; and of the herds of cattle that are fattened in the valleys of most of the Andine provinces. Again, where the absence of water renders agriculture impossible, mineral wealth compensates for sterility. The mountain ranges of La Rioja teem with gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, tin, lead, cobalt, and marble; while the enormous profusion of nitrate of soda in Santiago points it out as the future "soap and candle maker to the universe." The two vast provinces of Pampas and Patagonia, the resources of which are as yet undeveloped, will probably in no distant future, when colonists shall have taken possession of them, become valuable grazing-grounds and breeding-grounds for horses, sheep, and cattle. There is another side, of course, to this glowing picture of an almost virgin soil crying out for cultivation. The climate, though healthy in many places, and in others so invigorating as to restore consumptive patients, is occasionally deadly to all but the acclimatized; agriculture is admitted to be "very risky from drought and locust"; horses are apt to be eaten up either by flies or by Indians; cattle which escape the former are driven off by the latter to be sold to the Chilians; and the insects seem to be more numerous and more active than in any country of which we ever read. There are thirty species of mosquitoes, some of which fly by day and some by night, so that man has no rest from their ceaseless persecution; the ordinary parasitic torments "are here excited to the utmost limit of their productive powers, and even ladies can scarcely sit still on a chair without involuntarily pursuing them," and, lastly, there is an agreeable creature called the Vinchuca, "found all over the Republic, an oval, chocolate-coloured, flat-disked insect that poises itself directly over the bed, and deliberately drops upon you during sleep." Let us hope that Mr. White has depicted these plagues somewhat too vividly. We feel sure that he has needlessly blackened the Esquerzo toad, which, according to him, "bears an awfully spiteful character, and is credited with the deaths of many children at least"; adding that when angry it swells to double its size, and that a specimen thus inflated was seated on the rails near Flores when a locomotive passed over it, and it exploded like a cannon. We can believe a good deal, but our credulity has its limits. On the other hand, Mr. White draws a more agreeable picture of the mammals that are excellent eating, among which he includes the Armadillo, of the numerous indigenous game-birds, and of the fish which may be taken in plenty in the rivers.

We mentioned above that Mr. White gives sage advice to intending emigrants. He points out definitely who should try their fortunes in the Argentine Republic and who should not; and he gives useful statistics about the price of land, and the rate of interest that may be expected on invested capital. Emigrants are now pouring in at the rate of 50,000 in each year, and land has, of course, risen greatly in price; but it is still possible to buy cheaply enough to realize as much as 50 per cent. To obtain this, however, an emigrant must go far into the wilds, and face the difficulties and dangers of cultivating new territory. The result of this is the slow but certain development of the white man's supremacy over the whole territory once possessed by the native races. Those dreaded foes are being pushed further and further westward, and Mr. White prophesies, in pathetic language, their approaching doom. The extinction of the red man by the white man has happened so invariably wherever they are brought into contact that a fresh occurrence of it is regarded as little more than the fulfilment of a recognized law. It does seem strange, however, that colonists should persist in refusing to distinguish friends from foes, and should treat useful animals as they do murderous and thievish savages. Farmers cannot be expected to be sentimental over the extirpation of animals which destroy their crops, merely because they possess a scientific interest; but it is extraordinary that creatures so valuable as the Vicuña, Guanaco, and Chinchilla, should be recklessly slaughtered for the sake of their wool and fur alone, in a way which seems, from what Mr. White says, to indicate their approaching extermination. A similar recklessness obtains with regard to the felling of trees. It would appear that the Argentine Code, which is described as so singularly complete, is deficient in provisions for the protection of game and forests.

ONESIMUS.*

ONESIMUS may be described as a novel with a purpose. Such novels have long been unpopular with those who uphold the Hellenist principle of "art for art's sake." As the hero of this story becomes a convert, or pervert, from Hellenism to Hebraism, and as the story itself is little more than the presentation of the successive stages of the hero's change of intellectual attitude, we might incline to predict for such a hero and such a story the immediate condemnation of the modern pagans. It happens, however, that in *Onesimus*, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the art of the author chances to be much more prominent than his motive. The book may be enjoyed, like Bunyan's book, by those who do not for a moment trouble their brains about the truth or

the falsehood of the doctrinal system which the author hopes that he is commending to his readers. Quite apart from the sub-structure of genuine scholarship upon which the story is built up, and which is wrought with an amount of skilful labour and a range of selection which will be hidden from all but the expert, the mere story itself is a fascinating piece of narration, while its leading characters—although their chief business is to discuss theology, philosophy, and criticism—are no mere lay figures, but have distinct life and vigour. If the author had proposed no further object than to instruct and amuse the ordinary reader, he might claim to have succeeded. The pleasantness of the narrative, however, and the life-likeness of the individual portraiture, are mere accidents. The motive of the narrator is not literary, but doctrinal—or perhaps we should be more correct if we were to say that it is anti-doctrinal. The most obtrusive feature in the story to the critical reader is its amazingly ingenious anachronism. As in the mediæval romance of *Our Lady's Lament* the persons of the Gospel history are made to discourse in the theological language of Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, so in this nineteenth-century romance the persons named in the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles are compelled to talk in the critical speech of Baur and Volkmar. In the older story St. Mary Magdalene addresses the Virgin Mary as "The New Eve" and "Thou reverend Mother of all living"; and when the Virgin Mother is wild with despair after the burial of the Saviour, St. Joseph of Arimathea assures her that her son will rise again. It is not improbable that Gustav Volkmar of Zürich, or the author of *Onesimus*, or any living disciple of the Tübingen school, would smile at the theological anachronisms of a religious dramatist of the middle ages. But the similarity between a nineteenth-century *Onesimus* and a mediæval *Harrowing of Hell* is quite as significant as the difference. The comparative student will discern that the author of each has written under the inspiration of the *Zeit-geist*, the secular spirit of the particular *seculum* of which he is a part; and that each has alike attributed to men and women of the first century the very thoughts which are most peculiarly the property of his own age. If it is anachronistic to make St. John a preacher of the Immaculate Conception, it is equally anachronistic to make Onesimus doubt the authenticity of all the Gospels except the one primitive Gospel of St. Mark, the genuine "Urevangelium," Volkmar's "Das einfache Evangelium Jesu Christi nach Marcus."

Our novelist indeed pleads guilty to a certain degree of formal anachronism, and defends his adoption of it. Some of his descriptions, and many of the speeches of the non-Christian persons of his drama, are not only taken from ancient writers, but from such as "wrote in most cases after the times of Onesimus." Artemidorus the Epicurean, who may be said to hold the place of second importance in the book, appropriates some of the fragments of Celsus which have been preserved by Origen, although Onesimus must have died before Celsus began to write. All the other subsidiary figures in the story, who have their place and function in it, not for the objective purpose of art, but for the subjective purpose of criticism, are confessed by the author to be formal anachronisms. He contends, however, that there is nothing materially anachronistic in attributing the thoughts and words of the second century to men of the first century, because the sentiments of the later period were "at least present in the germs" during the earlier period, and "must have been in the air throughout Asia as early as 60 A.D., though they did not find expression in extant books till some time later." Even Epictetus, "a slave like myself," as Onesimus observes, "and at that time a very young man," is brought into contact with the hero, and the two thinkers hold a long conversation at Hierapolis, and afterwards correspond by letters. The author tells us in one of the notes at the end of his story that nearly all the sayings which he has put into the mouth of the famous Stoic have been extracted from his writings, while he quietly observes in the general preface to his notes that "Epictetus was probably a child at this time." To our mind there is something ironical in the position. The novelist belongs to that school which accuses the early leaders of the Church of having attributed to the first century writings which were not produced, and doctrines which were not held, until the second century. He commits the very same fault which he charges upon the fathers of Christendom. Nay more, he does it with the same motive as they did it—if the pseudo-Onesimus tells us the truth about his contemporaries. Why does he interpolate the sayings of Ælius Aristides, who was not born until A.D. 117, into the sayings of his fictitious Oneirocritus in A.D. 60? Why does he make his imaginary Nicostratus, in the middle of the first century, defend the worship of Artemis with arguments which were written by Maximus Tyrius at the end of the second century? In order to produce in the readers of the nineteenth century that conviction which the supposed early interpolator of the pseudo-Matthew and pseudo-Luke with the "Urevangelium" of Mark aimed at producing in the readers of the second century—namely, that the pure and primitive doctrine of Christ and the Apostles is represented by him and his school. The *Onesimus* of the English novel is much more European than Asiatic. His education was acquired on the banks of the Neckar, or in the "Athens on the Limmat." Like his friend "Philochristus," who is introduced to us again in the present volume, he is a rationalist born out of due time, and a prophet "wise after the event." The two friends have a free and easy method of distinguishing the primitive gospel as preached by St. Peter and St. Paul from the accretions which were being added during the lifetime of the hero. The former is

* *Onesimus: Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul.* By the Author of "Philochristus." London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

"the Tradition," with a capital T; the latter are "the traditions" added by illiterate converts, "water-carriers, tent-makers, leather-cutters, and the like." Onesimus, long before his conversion, goes to church at Antioch, where he finds the president of the Christian community to be a rational doctor of the school of Tübingen, who holds the first "shape of the Christian doctrine," while an honest but illiterate leather-cutter in the assembly is an eager promoter of "the second shape of the Christian doctrine." This second shape was gradually formulated by attributing to the Lord Jesus Christ everything that was written in the Law and the Prophets concerning the Messiah, and then inventing a fact to correspond with the prophecy. Onesimus, at the end of his life, shortly before his martyrdom, when he was Bishop of Beroea in Macedonia, is made to write a naïve prediction concerning the state of opinion in England and Germany after the completion of the critical labours of the modern Onesimus beside the Limmat and the modern Philochristus beside the Thames. "A time may come when these traditions—the additions to the Tradition—shall be found to be false; and then, as much as they now draw the unlearned to Christ, so much, and more also, shall they then drive the unlearned from Christ. For, being unapt to distinguish, and apt to reject all if they reject a part, the common people, finding a part of the tradition of the Acts of the Lord to be false, will cast aside the whole as a mere fable." Philochristus, after reading this conditional prediction of Onesimus, remarks, "Well and wisely is this said, and providently also, according to thy nature, my dear Onesimus." Volkmar, seven years ago, in his *Paulus Römerbrief*, contended that the letter of St. Paul to the Church of Rome, with the exception of the later additions made by certain "Paulinians" in chapters xiv. to xvi., was the genuine work of the apostolic teacher of Onesimus. The predictions in the novel would have been less anachronistic if they had the slightest similarity to such forecasts of the future experience of Christendom as we can gather from St. Paul's Epistle to the Roman Church.

The whole of the second book of the novel is appropriated to St. Paul. Onesimus goes to Rome, and finds the Apostle in prison. St. Paul relates to his disciple the true history of his life and conversion. Onesimus himself, however, is chiefly troubled by critical difficulties. He puts two leading questions to St. Paul. First, he wants to be told on apostolical authority whether certain Christians, "who say that they have seen the Lord Jesus in dreams and visions and other ways, may not sometimes err?" Secondly, whether "in the Traditions of the Acts and Words of the Lord, amid much that is true, there may not also be somewhat that is false?" The novelist tells us that the Apostle of the Nations "smiled, and said, Thou hast well questioned me." In the long reply which the novelist puts into the mouth of St. Paul we can discover no satisfactory answer to either of the questions of Onesimus. The Apostle is made to say that he himself had been in error "touching the Day of the Lord," that Onesimus is "doubtless in error touching some other matters," and that everybody, in the Church and out of it, is wrong about something or other. The novelist appears to shrink from crediting his St. Paul with a rationalism as definite as that of his Onesimus or his Philochristus. The novelist's Apostle shifts the questions instead of answering them, by giving his disciple the general piece of advice that morality is more important than criticism. "Be not thou, therefore, O my son, shaken in thy faith, if in the Traditions of the Acts and Words of the Lord some things be diversely or in exactly reported; only strive thou earnestly to keep pure and undefiled that truth which is the source and foundation of the rest." Onesimus, naturally enough, does not seem to have found this very general counsel to be of the slightest help in particular instances. After St. Paul's death, he is inclined to take the advice of Philochristus, and seek out the aged Apostle John at Ephesus, where he still lives, "stricken in years and infirm, not having been able for these many years to preach the Gospel." The hero hopes that he will be able to obtain from the only surviving Apostle "certainty concerning the additions to the Tradition." He never reaches Ephesus, however. He and Trophimus are seized at Smyrna by the Irenarch; they refuse to sacrifice, and are thrown to the wild beasts. Although the hero of the story fails to reach Ephesus and interview St. John, the reader of the story is told inferentially that the Apostle and Evangelist would have supplied Onesimus with arguments against the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. In the sixth year of the Emperor Domitian, Onesimus is made to say, just before starting for Smyrna and Ephesus:—"Yet is there a tradition, a doctrine at Ephesus (as I have heard say), differing much from the three Gospels, and taught by the disciples of John, and especially by one, John the Elder, a man of Alexandria (one that has travelled much, and is well versed in the philosophy of the Alexandrine teachers, but much more in the deep things of the Spirit), whom I met many years ago at Antioch."

Baur, in his *Paulus* (1845), after expressing his doubt as to the genuineness of St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, threw out a hint which seems to have served as the germ of the present novel. He calls the Epistle the "Embryo einer christlichen Dichtung." Out of this "embryo," indicated by the master a generation ago, the English disciple has at last developed the "Christian fiction." Schenkel protests against Baur's hypothesis that the Epistle itself was a sort of story, and had as its motive the abstract idea that "die durch Christenthum miteinander verbundenen in einer wahren Weisengemeinschaft miteinander stehen." The letter of St. Paul self-evidently proceeded from an actual need of the

moment. It is scarcely worth while to point out in detail where the novelist concurs with and where he departs from history and ecclesiastical tradition. The materials supplied by the Epistle are exceedingly slight, but they are expanded by the novelist with rare freshness and ingenuity. We have already shown that he has adopted the *Sage*, as Schenkel calls it, which is first found in the Apostolical Constitutions, and which makes Onesimus Bishop of Beroea and a martyr. In the novel Appia is the wife and Archippus is the stepson of Philemon. St. Paul calls Archippus his *συνταξιῶτης*, and in his letter to the Church of Colossæ speaks of him as holding a *διακονία* in that Church. No name mentioned in the New Testament has been the subject of more widely varying conjecture. In the list of Bishops in the Apostolical Constitutions Archippus is made Bishop of Laodicea and Philemon of Colossæ. Bengel gathers from Col. iv. 17 that Archippus was weak from old age; Ewald thinks that he was a young man; Hitzig guesses that the name of Archippus was introduced into the Epistle to the Colossians by a manipulator, an early Christian novelist. The cycle of persons connected with Colossæ has occupied the subjectivity of critics and legendists to a degree quite out of proportion with the little which we know of them from the New Testament itself. The exact fault of Onesimus against Philemon is the chief point, so far as regards interpretation, at which fact and fiction, St. Paul's Epistle and the novel, touch one another. The novelist inclines to Schenkel's view that the "wrong" done by Onesimus could not have been a coarse and vulgar theft. Such a supposition is forbidden, he thinks, on two grounds—first, by the Apostle taking the "Vorgang auf seiner Rechnung," and secondly by his witness to the "Ehrenhaftigkeit des Charakters seines Schützlings." The novelist makes out his excessively credulous, fitful, and uncritical Philemon to have been groundlessly suspicious. He figures as a type of those primitive Christians who were incapable of weighing evidence. A copy of Aristophanes was missing, and it was found in the chamber of the luckless slave, where it had been placed by his enemy Pistus the Paphlagonian.

COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING.*

WE delight in books on cookery by way of desultory reading. As in our old Scottish acquaintance Meg Dodds, or in a sheep's head, there is always a deal of "fine confused feeding in them," however baldly and technically the subjects may be treated. No dulness can do away with the aroma of savoury associations suggested by favourite dishes and the memory of the company in which we have enjoyed them. Moreover, there is much practical culinary knowledge to be picked up from any work that has been conscientiously compiled. For the art of cookery is always advancing; new lights are thrown upon delicate questions; and even the points on which the writer's ideas appear to be erroneous open interesting fields of critical speculation. So we love to read all books on cookery, from the more modest treatises of a Meg Dodds or a Crefydd to the elaborately illustrated volumes by celebrated artists, such as a Francatelli, a Soyer, or an Urban Dubois. But these last are rather for the connoisseur than for the practical student, although it is satisfactory to believe that even in courtly circles and at ceremonial banquets *menus* have latterly been tending towards simplicity. Nevertheless, the *chef* who, with handsome pay and appointments, presides over the staff in an Imperial or even a Club kitchen, must necessarily write over the heads or means of the great majority of his readers. He has his aides-de-camp and his staff, male and female; he has mounted his kitchen batteries regardless of cost, and he orders supplies from purveyors in contempt of economy. If he does not actually condense the essences of a score of hams from Bayonne or the Ardennes into a tiny vial or a single *sauce piquante*, like one of the most illustrious masters of the mediæval French school, at all events he makes light of paltry financial details, unless when figuring like Soyer in the character of a philanthropist. On the other hand, as we have hinted, the humbler class of cookery books are too frequently dull, as they are essentially *bourgeois*. What we prefer for the entertainment and improvement of our moments of leisure is a work that is at once practical and comprehensive, and which catholically addresses itself to the class of rational gourmets whose incomes range between riches and moderate competence. And Mrs. Reeve, in her *Cookery and Housekeeping*, appears to us to have hit the happy mean. Her general introductory remarks ought to be invaluable to any one who takes a personal interest in the management of an establishment. And, although she embraces in her very comprehensive programme the most frugal bills of the most homely fare, yet she writes chiefly for people in easy circumstances, who, while entertaining their friends to the best of their ability, must nevertheless pay due regard to economy.

One of Mrs. Reeve's most agreeable and most important chapters is that upon the art of giving dinners. In these days there is hope for any dinner-giver of common tact and average intelligence who goes sensibly to work, and who is not above being instructed. When other fashions prevailed, it was different; and even hosts with ample means, and distinguished for their social fascinations, might doubt their power of making any set entertainment a success. We say nothing of the mistake of sending up those

* *Cookery and Housekeeping*. By Mrs. Henry Reeve. London: Longmans & Co. 1882.

heavy dishes which were not out of harmony with the heady wines—with sherry which, though it might be old, was still viciously alcoholic, and with the grand old port, crusted and beeswinged—although the malevolent spirits of gout and dyspepsia may be supposed to have smiled on the festivities of their victims. But the manner of serving and the arrangement of the party were alike fatal to brilliancy of talk or even to reasonable sociability. When the guests were seated at a long, broad board, overlaid with épergnes, wine-coolers, and candelabra, the conviviality, such as it was, was broken off in *tête-à-têtes* or trios. Any show of animation was at the ends of the table, but there could be no continuity of electric currents of thought. And even the host was too often preoccupied or distracted by the carving that overtaxed his energies for the moment. Now, thanks to moderate-sized round tables and *dîners à la Russe*, those fatal drawbacks to pleasant meals may be obviated. And next to the selection of the company, or even before it, the chief point to be attended to in modest establishments is to avoid all attempts at pretension. They are pretty sure to result in failure, and they are certain to keep the minds of the entertainers disagreeably on the stretch. We know that rational advice on the subject is perpetually given and as persistently neglected; yet Mrs. Reeve will not have written her chapters in vain if some sensible people lay to heart the admirable maxim that “a judicious host will endeavour to place before his guests a dinner based on his own mode of living at its best.” In that case the trained servants should do better than usual the work to which they are well accustomed, while the talents of the cook are stimulated by honest and practicable ambitions. Everything must depend on the care and refinement of the cookery, and a superabundance of dishes is a weariness of the flesh. Mrs. Reeve gives judicious hints as to sending round the appropriate wines; and we must remark that ostentation becomes positively criminal when it comes to the poisoning of confiding guests. The ill-dressed entrée speaks for itself, and if you victimize yourself with your eyes open, you deserve to suffer. But now, with the diablerie of chemistry at Cette and Hamburg, you know not what perils may lurk in the over-iced champagne which sparkles and tastes pleasantly enough, or even in the glass of seductively coloured sherry you sip after some potent sauce. And since the ravages of the phylloxera are spreading in the Gironde, there will no longer be the old sense of security even in obviously low-priced claret. In these days of growing display and straitened incomes we always suspect danger, unless we are convinced of the integrity of our hosts; while we know certain houses of no small pretensions where the decoctions are so vile as to defy disguise. But the unscrupulous poisoner may take for granted that his sin is sure to find him out on the morrow, when his guests analyse the sources of their ills; and the presumption is that the persons he intended to honour will be the quickest to resent outrages which their habits of living have trained them to detect. But to go back from a topic on which we feel strongly to Mrs. Reeve's directions for a successful dinner party. Holding twelve to be the most perfect number of guests, she recommends that in an ordinary household it should never exceed fourteen; and she insists that in no case should the party be crowded. We may doubt whether she is wise in insisting that the men ought to be somewhat in excess of the ladies; but there can be no disputing the sound philosophy of her recipe for the happy assorting of the company. She recommends starting as a central point from a principal guest, whose claims to distinction should give the colour to the party. Here, indeed, an obvious observation comes in, which Mrs. Reeve has the politeness to suppress—namely, that in the circle of acquaintance of many of her prosperous readers nobody has colour or individuality at all, and the *convives* can only be grouped on some estimate of their probable incomes. But as she courteously professes to write for cultivated society, she argues the inexpediency of asking people of notoriously antagonistic opinions or whose social positions are very dissimilar. Having thoughtfully eliminated any discordant elements from the little gathering, and artistically designed a repast within the resources of the establishment, the hosts ought to cast all care behind them, and give themselves up to the entertainment of their friends. “We will only add,” she goes on, “that the master of the house should keep a ready eye and an open ear on the flow of conversation; and, if the conversation flags or seems to take an unpleasant turn, he can easily revive or divert it by a question or a remark flung across the table.”

The observations on expenditure are as practical as they can be made, considering the widely different habits and local circumstances of households. They presuppose, of course, a certain intelligence and capacity in the mistress, who must exercise a steady, though not an inquisitorial, supervision over her domestics. And they show how liberally a well-managed establishment may be supplied at a comparatively moderate outlay. As for the chapters on actual cookery, which necessarily form the bulk of the volume, we have left them to the last, because it is impossible to do more than glance at them within our limits, and because we always approach serious subjects with diffidence, having a conscientious horror of treating them superficially. But we may say it seems to us, after a necessarily cursory inspection, that Mrs. Reeve has the admirable merit of writing clearly, succinctly, and to the point. She does not overload her pages with a mass of alternative recipes, in which there are rather shades of immaterial distinction than real differences. She words her instructions so that they may be easily understood by any cook with a respectable headpiece. And yet

she is thoroughly cosmopolitan in her principles of selection, and suggests many a light and piquant foreign dish which needs nothing but a little trouble to be perfectly served, and which is not to be found in any common cookery-book. Her sauces are representative and excellently chosen; she never appears to multiply mere fancy ingredients unnecessarily, and a glance over their names sets the mouth watering in a rush of pleasant foreign associations. In ordinary kitchens sauces are too often compounded by dashing in the contents from cruets and bottles on the rudest rule of thumb. When Mrs. Reeve recommends the invariable use of a measuring glass, she gives a piece of simple advice which by itself is worth many times the price of her volume. And we wish that our cooks would ponder and lay to heart what she says about the wateriness of English cookery. Not one in ten of them can dish a cabbage or a cauliflower, any more than they can boil rice or make coffee. Talking of cabbage, by the way, Mrs. Reeve tells us that we can get rid of the abominable smell of cabbage-boiling by putting in the water a piece of breadcrumb tied up in a fine white rag. *A propos* of vegetable-marrows, she says they ought never to be boiled at all. If they are to be eaten plain, bake and baste. She prides herself with reason on having taken pains with the chapters on salads and maigre dishes; and those who have been in the habit of approving the famous recipe which recommends throwing salads out of the window after dressing them will be glad to accept Mrs. Reeve's assurance that, when properly prepared, they assist in place of injuring the digestion. What has given our salads an infamous reputation is our misguided manner of manipulating wholesome vegetables with the objectionable decoctions sold as dressing. Altogether the volume is infinitely more interesting than most of our sensational or sentimental novels, since the truths that are enunciated in a light and lively style come literally home to our innermost feelings. Moreover we have always the satisfaction of knowing that in perusing a treatise on the most popular of the fine arts we are gaining instruction as well as entertainment.

BARTOLOZZI.*

IT is always a very delicate matter to decide whether a book has or has not a right to exist. Mr. Matthew Arnold on a famous occasion had to do penance in a preface for too rashly deciding a certain case in the negative. With his experience before us, we hesitate to go so far as to say that Mr. Tuer's *Bartolozzi* ought never to have been printed; but we may boldly state the opinion that he has chosen a very pompous mode of presenting to us a very humble matter. The fairest way to consider his book is to treat it as a collector's album. Half of the second of these quarto volumes is taken up by a list of Bartolozzi's engravings, opposite to each page of which is inserted a page of ruled vellum, on which the connoisseur is to inscribe the fact that he has secured a certain print, the condition in which he finds it, and what price he gave for it. This is a very engaging exercise, but it is not exactly literature. The rest of the second volume is a wonderful medley of things unconnected with Bartolozzi, but closely connected with the business of a print-seller; hints “on collecting prints as a hobby, and as a profitable hobby,” which is a suggestive phrase; gossip about proofs, states, and signatures; very poor and perfunctory notices of some of Bartolozzi's pupils; but about himself nothing, or nothing worth saying. The claims of this production, then, to be considered as a contribution to literature rest on the first volume only. In this Mr. Tuer has recounted all that is known about the famous engraver, without, as far as we have been able to make out, stating any new discoveries of any importance; and all this biographical matter, spread out to its fullest dimensions, covers something less than fifty pages. We are therefore presented with a little butter in a lordly dish, and must endure the extreme poverty of the letterpress for the sake of the thick paper, wide edges, and vellum covers of the material book.

Francesco Bartolozzi, who would be very much surprised to learn that such a fuss was being made about him at this distance of time, was the son of a Florentine goldsmith, named Gaetano Bartolozzi. Mr. Tuer gives no other date for his birth than 1727; but other authorities, we know not with what proof, state that he was born on the 21st of September. He began to work with the graver at a very early age, and Mr. Tuer speaks of two heads, impressions of which are still in existence, signed by Bartolozzi in his tenth year. A year or two after this the youth received some training as a painter from Gaetano Biagio, and in 1742 was apprenticed to an artist of English extraction, Ignazio Hugford, under whom he worked at the Florentine Academy. In Hugford's studio he met a boy of his own age, with whom he was to be associated through life, and, by similarity of taste and genius, to be united after his death in popular estimation. This was G. B. Cipriani, the artist whose exquisite feeling for grace of movement and undulating line was destined to produce a strong, though not a lasting, effect upon English art. These boys seem to have worked together under Hugford for about three years, when, at the age of eighteen, Bartolozzi was removed from Florence, and article for six years to the historical engraver Joseph Wagner, at Venice. Here he abandoned the notion of becoming a painter, and gave himself up to the technical part of his profession of

* *Bartolozzi and his Works*. By Andrew W. Tuer. 2 vols. Field & Tuer.

engraving. About 1750 he married, and as Cipriani was at that time leaving Florence, the two friends proceeded to Rome, and renewed their ancient companionship. The career of these artists during the next ten years is somewhat obscure. Mr. Tuer is inclined to think that Bartolozzi did not meet with much patronage in Rome, and that shortly after the birth of his son Gaetano he returned to Venice. Cipriani, meanwhile, in 1755, attracted the notice of Sir William Chambers and of Wilton the sculptor, and was persuaded by them to come over to England. London was at that time a great haven for foreign artists; the Royal Academy was crowded with Italians at its commencement. Cipriani succeeded at once; was given one of the few official posts then existing in connexion with fine art; and perhaps encouraged his friend in Venice with accounts of the riches of the land he had invaded. Bartolozzi, however, was in no hurry to leave Italy; nine years after the exodus of Cipriani, in 1764, at the age of thirty-seven, he attracted the attention of Richard Dalton, who had been sent to Italy by George III. to collect prints and drawings, and was by him offered the post of engraver to the King, at a salary of three hundred pounds a year, if he would come over to England at once. Bartolozzi left his wife and son in Italy, and set off to explore the land of promise. Cipriani was living in Warwick Street, Golden Square, and it seemed natural that his old friend, visiting a strange city for the first time, should seek at once the lodgings of his early companion. Bartolozzi settled himself in the Warwick Street house, and began at once to produce his delicate sanguine prints in the style which Ryland had just introduced from Paris. Mr. Tuer continues:—

The method of production not being difficult, many engravers at once turned their attention in this profitable direction, Bartolozzi being perforce compelled to follow—at first from outside pressure by the print-sellers, who loaded him with commissions, and perhaps afterwards, when he better understood the wonderful capacities of the method, by inclination. Angelica Kauffman, then in the zenith of her fame, warmly encouraged the new taste among her fashionable patrons; hence, the great number of “red chalk” engravings after her prettily-conceived, but weak compositions. Such was the rage, shared alike by every grade of society, for examples of chalk, stippled, or dotted engraving, as it was variously termed, that for a time line engraving was almost abandoned, and the public eagerly purchased the flood of sickly and sentimental designs with which the numerous mediocre engravers—mere tasteless mechanics—flooded the market. Novels, reprints of the poets, and in fact any works of average popularity illustrated in this style, were sure of a ready sale. Any one turning over collections of engravings and of the illustrated periodical literature of the time, will light upon examples of the prints of some hundreds of stipple engravers, mostly men who abandoned line and other methods of engraving for stipple. Of these, the number who were true artists, and whose works will live, may almost be counted on the fingers. The first is the great master himself, Bartolozzi, who elevated the French method of stippling from a mere copying process into a distinct art, in the practice of which he has seldom been equalled except by some of his own pupils.

The year after his arrival in England, Bartolozzi was elected a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, a body which may be said to have been the nucleus of the Royal Academy. At the foundation of the latter Society, three years later, he was selected as one of the original forty members, he being the only engraver who received this honour. While nominating this Italian to the membership of their body, the Royal Academy passed a decree by which no engraver could ever become the rival of Bartolozzi by a similar promotion. This fanned into a blaze the smouldering jealousy of the English engravers, and among these the most considerable and the most formidable was Sir Robert Strange. This vigorous and ambitious man, whose traditions are still binding among English engravers, was at that time in the forty-eighth year of his age, and therefore senior to Bartolozzi, and for nearly twenty years had been recognized as at the head of his profession. He also had been a member of the Society of Incorporated Artists, and had some excuse for thinking himself personally slighted in being excluded from the Royal Academy. The unfortunate W. W. Ryland, who was afterwards hanged for forgery, was another very eminent English engraver who had reason to be surprised to find his claims overlooked. It is probable that Bartolozzi owed his nomination to the friendly insistence of Cipriani, and indeed Strange publicly charged the painter with having helped his friend to produce the picture which, to stifle public criticism, Bartolozzi proceeded to exhibit. The Italian engraver seems to have borne the extremely savage and unfair attacks of his jealous fellow-craftsmen with great equanimity, nor would he ever consent to answer any of the charges brought against him. Silence and patient endurance defeat at last the most bitter of opponents, and Strange gradually allowed his passion to quiet down. But, though he forgave Bartolozzi, he could never forgive the Royal Academy, and to the end of his life he was a ruthless enemy of that body. Mr. Tuer does not mention the subject of the diploma picture painted by Bartolozzi, nor was it ever included in that list of presented works in the Council Room which, until 1836, was printed in every catalogue of the Royal Academy. The Council, in all probability, did not regard it as one of the most satisfactory pictures in their possession.

Bartolozzi made money with a celerity which was only equalled by his haste in losing it. He is said to have carried the gold in which he was paid for each engraving loosely in his waistcoat pockets, until it was all squandered. Cipriani and he are reported to have gone away for a day's revel, and to have returned poorer than they set out by thirty guineas. To meet the expenses in which such eccentricities involved him, the engraver fatigued himself with work, and sometimes consented to be the interpreter of drawings unworthy of his style and condition. As a rule, however, the character of his engraving remained exceedingly high,

and as time went on his superiority to all his rivals in technical respects was but more and more vividly shown. The annals of his long career in England have never been written, and it is now too late to collect many data on the subject. There is probably very little to be told. The history of a life of intense labour, relieved by periodical intervals of innocent if rather reckless indulgence, is likely to be a very monotonous one, and not worthy to be chronicled. The death of the engraver's old and faithful friend, Cipriani, in December 1785, was perhaps the most stirring event in Bartolozzi's English career.

Bartolozzi had resided in England for thirty-eight years, and had reached the age of seventy-four when he was tempted, at a time of life when most men prepare to quit the labours of existence, to take out a new lease of artistic activity. The Prince-Regent of Portugal was interested in a projected *édition de luxe* of the *Lusiads* of Camoens, and conceived a wish that the drawings for it might be engraved by the prince of engravers. To indulge this whim, it was necessary that Bartolozzi should be inveigled to Lisbon, and to bring this about the old artist was offered a house, a pension, and a knighthood if he would settle in Portugal. The first time that this invitation was sent to him he disregarded it; but on its being repeated in very pressing terms, he concluded to accept it, and on the 2nd of November, 1802, he sailed for Lisbon. His life in Portugal was very agreeable to him; his emoluments were small, but his expenses were smaller still; and he was petted by the Court and by the connoisseurs in such a way as to charm the evening of his days. The Prince-Regent had sent a gentleman of his Court, named Queiros, to accompany the old artist from London to his new home, and in this man he found not only a warm friend, but eventually an ardent pupil. He had no sooner landed in Lisbon than the punctilious Portuguese heralds discovered or invented some nobility among the boughs of the family tree of the Bartolozzis, and he was knighted, according to the compact. He found another distinguished member of his profession, the Swiss landscape-engraver Benjamin Comte, already settled at Lisbon, and acting as Professor at the Academy of Fine Arts. From this eminent artist Bartolozzi received every courtesy and kindness, and Comte continued to employ him to engrave the figures in his landscapes. After a stay of thirteen years in Portugal, during the whole of which time he was occupied with the graver, Sir Francis Bartolozzi—for so he chose to be addressed—breathed his last, at the age of eighty-eight, on the 7th of March, 1815, and was buried in the church of Santa Isabella in Lisbon. Four months later, his celebrated granddaughter, Mme. Vestris, made her first appearance at the Haymarket as Proserpina in Winter's opera. The death of this remarkable woman in 1856 marked the extinction, as is believed, of the direct descendants of the great engraver.

While we cannot praise the literary portion of Mr. Tuer's book, we are bound to express our admiration of its “get up.” The paper, binding, and printing are luxurious in the extreme, and the illustrations, though we cannot think that they are sagaciously selected, are reproduced with great skill. We cannot, however, help feeling that too much prominence is given to an artist whose powers were chiefly technical, and who moved with consummate grace within a very narrow orbit. For the eccentricities of the book, among which not the least annoying is the trick of placing what should be foot-notes in the very body of the text, we have no patience; they are simply and solely pieces of unpardonable affectation.

MY LADY CLARE.*

WE are a patient, law-abiding people. Our equanimity is at this moment the marvel of surrounding nations. Nor is this virtue confined to political affairs. We suffer old plots willingly in novels, and endure without a murmur *réchauffés* of the most ancient stock of fiction. Mrs. Eiloart has presumed a little on the tameness of a much-enduring public, though we do not mean to say that her audacity will not be crowned with the laurels of success. The materials of her novel, *My Lady Clare*, are probably as ancient as the art of fiction, as ancient certainly as the institution (so justly dear to the romance writer) of Scotch marriages. If any reader of novels feels that he really has had enough of Scotch marriages, that father confessors with secrets that burn in their breasts have begun to pall upon him, and that young ladies who run away from their relations because their parents have not been virtuous characters are growing tedious, such a reader must shun *My Lady Clare*. But we are convinced that, happily for the author, most novel-readers are like children. Every one who has told very young children tales like “Puss in Boots” and “Jack the Giant-Killer” knows that a nursery audience likes its old favourites best, and will not tolerate for a moment any interference with traditional plots. “Tell us ‘Puss in Boots’ over again,” say the young ones; and they at once protest if the weary story-teller refreshes himself by introducing a new character or a new adventure. Nature has given children this fortunate conservatism in order that the old tales might never die nor alter, but be handed down intact out of distant time and unremembered ages. Children take little pleasure in the idiotic travesties of nursery tales which the botchers of pantomimes offer to the public; and we are sure that no child ever read without indignation Cruikshank's “Temperance” version of *Cinderella*, in which the Princess preaches lessons of total ab-

* *My Lady Clare*. By Mrs. Eiloart. London: White & Co. 1882.

stinence from intoxicating drinks. This is a digression, but, as Herodotus says that his history "willingly seeks digressions," so does our criticism of a novel so uninteresting to us as *My Lady Clare*. It is probable, however, as we have said, that the novel-reading public will not be offended by Mrs. Eiloart's repetition of stock incidents and fables. "The eternal child" in the breasts of her admirers will rejoice to be taken once more over the old familiar ground.

We have one confession to make about Mrs. Eiloart's novel, which will not recommend that work to the harshly critical. *My Lady Clare* is in the usual three volumes, and we gratefully admit that it is not very closely printed. By accident we took up the third volume when we had perused most of the first, and we did not perceive any break in the continuity. Not till we had almost reached the conclusion did it occur to us that we had neglected the second volume. Making all deductions, this does seem to prove that the author could have easily reduced her story into two volumes, and that most of the second is what the profane call padding. A conscientious novelist should map out her work into chapters before starting, after the manner of M. Zola, and should see to it that there is plenty of incident and interest for each chapter. In every novel, at least in every novel that depends for interest on a plot, there is almost inevitably a space in which characters and events seem merely to mark time. But this space should be narrowed as much as possible, and it seems almost undeniable that Mrs. Eiloart has offered us "padding" where we expect incident.

The plot of Mr. Tennyson's *Lady Clare* seems to have suggested itself to Mrs. Eiloart as a plot that, with a difference, might be pleasantly introduced into modern life. Every one will remember that *Lady Clare* had been "changed at nurse," that she was an heiress betrothed to her cousin, Lord Randal, that her real mother (the nurse) revealed the secret just before the marriage, that *Lady Clare* withdrew from society, attended only by a milk-white doe, that Lord Randal found her out, laughed at her story, and married her. Now Mrs. Eiloart has so far followed the ballad that she has called her hero Randal—Randal Carew—and has made him paint his cousin, Dorothea Carew, in the character of *Lady Clare*. But she has shrunk from the task of changing any one at nurse. Yet this excellent old scheme is scarcely more ancient than the *ficelles* which she has had the courage to employ. The story opens with indicating a mystery in the ownership of Hailsham Hall, an old country house within seventeen miles of London. Hailsham Hall had been the property of a Mr. Antony Carew, whose son and heir was Randal Carew, a young fellow of about nineteen when he is first introduced to us. But, for some secret reason, Antony had given up the house and such estates as there were to his younger brother Charles, "nobody seemed able rightly to tell how or why." The Charles Carews were unpopular. The man was little better than one of the wicked in the eyes of county families, for he had been "in the City," and always dabbled, generally with ill fortune, in speculation. Mrs. Charles Carew was, indeed, an unfortunate person. She was "one of those poor weak acidulated natures out of which neither criminal nor saint could be made," says Mrs. Eiloart. The enormous majority of her readers, and, indeed, of the general public, are neither criminals nor saints, so we must presume that Mrs. Eiloart regards them as poor, weak, and "acidulated," like "lemon drops," a favourite, but we fear unwholesome delicacy of childhood. But, however acidulated Mrs. Charles Carew may have been, she had distinct leanings in the direction both of saintship and criminality, the latter being the decided favourite and winning, after a rattling finish, on the post. Mrs. Charles Carew had one daughter, Dolly, the heroine and "Lady Clare" of the story. She also gave birth to three sons, who all died in infancy. This preyed on her mind, and (obeying the ascetic tendency in her deeply complex nature) she joined the Roman Catholic Church. Her director was a certain Father Serle, who had originally "embraced the errors of the Church of England, but afterwards exchanged them for those of Rome," as a newspaper once said of an eminent convert. Mr. Serle left the English for the Roman communion, because he felt that a more ample creed was necessary for his spiritual comfort. This conscientious director gave little relief by his ministrations to Mrs. Charles Carew. When she was on her death-bed he refused to give her her Christian privileges, and she passed away in despair. So far this is interesting enough. Mrs. Eiloart's readers say to themselves, "Now here must be something new;" and set their ingenuity to work to discover what crime Mrs. Charles Carew can possibly have committed. It must have been something connected with the change of the ownership of Hailsham Hall, but what can it be? Did Mrs. Charles Carew dress herself up as the ghost of her husband's mother, appear to Antony Carew (who idolized his dead mother), and command him to yield place to his younger brother? Even this, while vastly improbable, would not have been original, for an incident of the sort occurs in Mr. Payn's tale called *Under One Roof*. But the ingenuity of readers will be vain. The author has thrown them on the scent by the simple process of using a trick so old that no one could suspect her of the intention to revive it. The ancient Scotch marriage trick, like the "confidence" and the "three-card" manoeuvres, seems never really to weary novelists. The father and mother of Antony and Charles Carew had been married in Scotland—before witnesses, but not apparently in a formal manner. Still, by the Scotch law, as understood by Mrs. Eiloart, the wedding was valid. No record of it existed, singular to say, except a document signed by the witnesses, which was in the possession of Mrs. Carew. After the

birth of her son Antony this document was thought to have been accidentally burned. Charles was expected, Antony was a sickly child, and Mrs. Carew was troubled by the loss of her "marriage lines." She therefore induced her husband to go and be married again in the English chapel at Ferrari, "a small watering-place" in Italy. Here it may be observed that, if we rightly understand Mrs. Eiloart's story and her law, her young people did not live together for some time after their Scotch marriage. It would have been discreet in them (for various reasons) to have got married again before setting up their establishment.

But, to go on with the story, after the death of the father and mother, Charles Carew became aware of the marriage at Ferrari. He concluded that there had been no legal marriage previously; Antony had no proof of it, and, to avoid scandal, gave up his house and estate. But Mrs. Charles Carew became possessed of the document supposed to have been burned; and even on her death-bed, in spiritual despair, she had refused to make restitution. After the priest left her, she changed her mind, and left evidence of the Scotch marriage, with the names of the witnesses, in a box. This box came into the hands of Charles Carew; the shock killed him, and Dolly, his daughter, gave back the property to her uncle Antony. This Dolly is an extremely second-rate girl. Even in childhood (when she ran away from school) she was an unnatural compound of childish simplicity and mature coquetry. The story of her love affairs is uninteresting. She became attached to her cousin Randal, who was engaged to a Miss Moore, an actress of burlesque. When Dolly knew this, and when she discovered her mother's iniquity in concealing evidence of the Scotch marriage, she did as girls in novels usually do in such circumstances—she went into hiding. Comic incident is produced by making her attract a miserable young doctor, who is engaged to a woman older than himself. On one and the same day this doctor and Randal offer to break off their engagements and marry her. Then the doctor "stops" a tooth which gives her pain, and makes love to her "in the dentist's chair." She slaps his face, and retires to a new retreat, where she finds another wooer. How her adventures are finally wound up the reader may discover, if he cares, for himself. The attempt to represent Dolly as a mixture of independence, courage, coquetry, and simplicity fails, and we fear it can hardly be said that this heroine is a lady. However, she may please other students, and she is certainly meant to seem bewitching. By way of giving as favourable an example of the author's style as possible, we quote her description of "Woburn Park":—

For some reason, artists, authors, and actors favoured it. Perhaps because from the railway station you could so easily get to any part of the West End—from Kensington to Charing Cross; perhaps because there was a slight flavour of aestheticism about the houses which tempted them. Be that as it may, Mrs. Crewe said she could always tell an inhabitant of Woburn Park. If a gentleman, he shaved so completely that you felt how easy a matter it would be for him to make up in a dozen different ways. Or else his hair grew wild, ready for him to tear out by handfuls if his rhymes wouldn't come, or his models were impracticable. The ladies were always to be known by their dresses, so were the very children. They were in extreme of everybody else in their adoption of art colours, and peacocks' feathers were used as screens, and sun-flowers were taught to throw roses into insignificance in Woburn Park, long before either the feathers or the flowers were thought objects of admiration anywhere else.

We cannot say much about Mrs. Eiloart's idea of a burlesque actress as exhibited in Miss Moore, because to do so would be to reveal that part of the plot which is concerned with the fortunes of Dolly and her three lovers. But the description, whether probable or not, is original, and this character is (with the exception, perhaps, of Father Serle) the best in *My Lady Clare*.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. MOWBRAY MORRIS'S collection of English poetry (1) differs from other collections of a like kind in its special purpose, the nature of which is set forth in a preface, which again differs from many prefaces in being very pleasant and interesting reading. Mr. Morris, coming one day upon a volume of poetry given by an Eton tutor to a pupil, "who" (as the inscription ran) "was fond of poetry, and was expected to gain some wisdom from this, the best kind of reading," was set wondering why many intelligent boys regard the reading of English poetry in the light of a task and not of a pleasure. He accepts this as a fact, because "one continually hears it said, and what one continually hears said must of course count for something; not for so much, perhaps, as many of us are apt to think, but no doubt for something." One possible explanation he finds in what we agree with him is the pernicious custom (although he avoids giving it so hard a name) of setting the writing out of long passages from English poets as school punishments, and in other school customs which make the learning of scraps of English poetry compulsory. We would venture to go a step further, and denounce the practice of setting a play of Shakespeare as a holiday task, as, for the most part, senseless, and calculated to defeat rather than assist any praiseworthy purpose. Of course there are, as Mr. Mowbray Morris says, exceptions; there are some boys "who have, as one may say, been 'cradled into poetry by wrong,' have survived the grim ordeal, and learnt at last to love the hand that has chastised them, . . . but, broadly speaking, we shall not perhaps go far astray if we assume that all poetry, English no less than Greek

(1) *Poet's Walk*. An Introduction to English Poetry. Chosen and arranged by Mowbray Morris. London: Remington & Co.

and Latin, is thrown by the schoolboy pell-mell into an odious heap, and labelled *lessons*. And indeed how should it be otherwise? Lessons they are, and lessons to him they have been since that fatal day when the sun was shining without, the breeze blowing, the birds singing, and within a poor puzzled child was vainly striving to commit to memory 'To be or not to be,' or 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!' And still as the years go on it is the same. The moment English poetry begins to be viewed with suspicion as a possible instrument of torture in any shape, then will Shakespeare and Milton, Scott and Wordsworth, take their place in the boy's heart side by side with Homer and Horace, with a proposition of Euclid and an equation in Algebra. There must surely be 'something rotten in the state' which can degrade the great spirits who have done so much to make us wiser and happier into so many sources of lamentation and moaning and woe." Yet, as Mr. Morris justly observes, this feeling is not in itself a growth of nature, since in most young minds we find the germ of a love of poetry. Most of us remember the days of childhood when simple poetry, "set to the tune of a familiar voice, had all the charm of music," and when "the easy cadence of the rhythm, the beat of the rhyme, pleased and soothed our ears, and through that easy channel stole with soft and gradual step upon our young unconscious minds." The subsequent disillusion which too often comes, the writer proceeds to trace in great measure to the causes already referred to; but in some measure also to "a certain narrowness and infelicity of method that one too often finds employed even by those who have the wit to see that poetry should be gently offered, not violently thrust upon the young"; and he strengthens his position by some apt quotations from Mr. Matthew Arnold's introduction to Mr. Humphry Ward's excellent volumes of selections from English poetry. It is the object of *Poet's Walk* to induce a boy to prove for himself how real and various are the pleasures poetry is capable of providing him with by placing within his reach "such examples as may assure him of this fact, and at the same time fit him by wholesome and gradual degrees to study and select for himself—may lead him, in short, to the true end of the study of poetry—the clearer sense and deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent." Then, mentioning several excellent selections of poetry, and first amongst them of course Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Mr. Mowbray Morris goes on to say, with much modesty, that none of them seem to hit exactly the mark which he has indicated and at which he has aimed. He has hoped that he has included "nothing beside the best," and he has hoped to provide sufficiently various matter for the various tastes of boys, his aim having been "to let boys see, if they will, for themselves, that poetry is really

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

It remains to add, so far as the collection itself, which is divided into four books or periods, is concerned, that the selection has, as it seems to us, been made with a singularly wide and fine taste. In an undertaking of this kind the difficulty of deciding in any case what *not* to put in must be enormous; and in this special instance the difficulty is of course increased by the consideration of the readers to whom the work is particularly addressed. Mr. Morris has, we think, in this matter displayed remarkable tact. One unlucky omission there is, for which, as we learn from the preface, Mr. Morris is not responsible:—"How large a gap the absence of Mr. Tennyson's name must make I am but too conscious; that, however, arises from circumstances over which none but his publishers have any control." The little book is charmingly and quietly got up, and, what with regard to its destination is by no means an unimportant matter, it is of a most convenient size for handling. In the preface the editor finds natural room and occasion to do something more than merely expound his purpose, and most of what he says on the general question of poetry strikes us as excellently felt and put. Here is the conclusion of a passage of which we should like to quote the whole context, if space permitted us to do so:—

Yes; in the best poetry this seriousness will always be found by those who look for it, but it will be found in light things as in grave, a seriousness

Which, without hardness, will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." The poet of *Paradise Lost* was also the poet of *L'Allegro*; he could sing of

Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men;
and he could sing, too, of

Many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade.
But never will it take that form, so prevalent among the young Pelasgians around us, the form of ineffectual wallings that all

Glory and loveliness have passed away.
Passed away, indeed! from how much of the so-called poetry of to-day have they not passed away! But they will not be brought back to us by those who sit idle in the market-place piping little songs to each other in praise of their own beauty and worth, in scorn of the workers around them.

In dealing with the attempt of the publishers of the *Portfolio* to "illustrate" Lancashire (2), it is hard to say whether we

(2) *Lancashire: Brief Historical and Descriptive Notes*. By Leo H. Grindon. With fourteen Etchings and numerous Vignettes. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1882.

ought to give precedence to the artists or the author. Nor is the difficulty lessened, but rather increased, by the fact that the etchers and the writer do not appear to have worked in unison. The result is a singular and perplexing incongruity between the glowing and eulogistic descriptions of the author and the sombre and depressing pictures of the artists. Mr. Grindon, who discourses enthusiastically about every phase and aspect of his adopted county, is at direct issue with his colleagues, who, judging from their drawings, have been engaged upon an uncongenial task, altogether at variance with their natural sympathies. Mr. Jacob Hood especially has put his impressions into the gloomiest form imaginable. His four etchings and eight or ten drawings on wood are suggestive of a perennially lenden-coloured sky, the grimmest of buildings and interiors, and an atmosphere of unvarying rain and smoke. The finest etching in the volume, a view of shipping in the Mersey by M. Brunet-Debaines, is in this respect in striking contrast to the contributions of his fellow-workers, and is full of light, brightness, and animation; but, unfortunately, the scene is not peculiarly characteristic of Lancashire, and would be just as much in place as an illustration of shipping on the Thames or the Humber. Mr. David Law's drawings are the best in the volume, both artistically and as typical of Lancashire scenery. He has chosen to show Coniston under a dark and stormy aspect, which we regard as an error of judgment; but his etching of Lancaster is fine and powerful, and nothing could be better than his five woodcut views of mountain, moorland, and river scenery. Taken altogether, the share of the artists in the work is inadequate and disappointing. Mr. Grindon goes to an extreme in the opposite direction. For the dark hues of the painters he substitutes rose colour, and his admiring adjectives are all in the superlative degree. He has brought into his sketch a good deal of fresh information, particularly concerning the natural history of the county and the scenery of the less frequented districts, but his description generally is sadly wanting in temperance and discrimination. A stranger to Lancashire, after studying the pictures and reading the text, may well ask which he is to credit—the men of the pencil or him of the pen. So complete a want of sympathy between the two is rarely found in a topographical work.

Mr. Leyland's record (3) of his visit to South Africa soon after the Zulu war is pleasantly and easily written, the maps are useful, and the photographic illustrations good. For the rest, it is like enough to other books of travel which appear nowadays, with the honourable distinction, however, that it is free from superabundance of dull personal detail, and from inelicitous attempts at joking.

Most of the verses now collected by Mr. Hamilton Aidé (4) will be already familiar to, and popular with, many readers, whether with or without the accompaniment of music. As to the recitations, the author's observation in his few lines of introduction should be specially noted. "They are not meant to be read in silence. They were written with a special intention, and demand the interpretation of the human voice." Recitation has been for some time past the fashion, and Mr. Aidé has been quick to see and meet the needs of reciters and their audiences.

Major Dudgeon's history of the Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia (5), as it was called before the recent bewildering changes of name, is a piece of work which is careful and well put together, and which perhaps claims something more than a merely specialistic interest.

A second series has been issued of the attractive and useful *Familiar Garden Flowers* (6), and the describer assures us, in what certain writers call some "forewords," that even the third series will by no means exhaust the subject.

The fourth volume of the "Edition de luxe" of Fielding (7) is devoted to *Joseph Andrews*, and is illustrated with much skill and spirit by Mr. W. Small.

Every one interested in Shakespearean literature will like to have a copy of Mr. Irving's stage edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (8), a daintily got up little book, which is yet within the compass of the most moderate ambition.

A second edition, revised and augmented, has appeared of Messrs. Wolstenholme and Turner's *Conveyancing Acts* (9).

We have also before us a fourteenth edition of Williams's

(3) *A Holiday in South Africa*. By R. W. Leyland, F.R.G.S., Author of "Round the World in 124 Days." With Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. Liverpool: Walsley.

(4) *Songs without Music: Rhymes and Recitations*. By Hamilton Aidé. London: David Bogue.

(5) *History of the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia (now) Third Battalion the Royal Scots*. With an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Militia, and a Brief Sketch of the Old Royal Scots. By Major R. C. Dudgeon, Adjutant 3rd Battalion Royal Scots. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

(6) *Familiar Garden Flowers*. Figured by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S. F.S.A., and described by Shirley Hibberd. Second Series, with Coloured Plates. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(7) *The Works of Henry Fielding, Esq.* 10 vols. Vol. IV. London: Smith & Elder.

(8) *Romeo and Juliet*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By William Shakespeare. As arranged for the Stage by Henry Irving, and presented at the Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday, March 8, 1882. London: Chiswick Press.

(9) *The Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881, and the Vendor and Purchaser Act, 1874*. With Notes, and Forms, and Precedents adapted for use under the Acts; also the Solicitor's Remuneration Act, 1881. By E. P. Wolstenholme and R. A. Turner. Second Edition. London: Clowes.

Principles of the Law of Real Property (10), edited by Mr. Cyprian Williams.

A second edition has been issued of Mr. H. K. Lewis's *Songs for Little Singers* (11), to which are now added two sacred songs by the Rev. R. H. Smith.

Mr. Bedford's account of the Old Hospital of the Knights of St. John (12), as contained in the preface to, as well as the body of his little book, is singularly interesting, and the translation is excellently done. As frontispiece to the work there is a photograph from an illustration to an old German work upon the order representing the great ward of the hospital in 1650.

Mr. Buckland's tiny book of instructions for beginners at whist (13) is capably fitted to its purpose. It starts with assuming that the reader knows absolutely nothing of the game, and gives him in the simplest and clearest terms the elementary rules which he must have in his head before he can read "Cavendish" with profit. Mr. Buckland's last paragraph is sensible and to the point. "No mere rules or instructions can make a good whist-player; but, when the beginner has once broken the ice, let him steadily persevere, and buy 'Cavendish' and the other leading books on whist, and try to obtain a complete mastery of the game."

Messrs. De La Rue and Co. issue a third edition of "Cavendish" on the laws of Piquet and Rubicon Piquet (14) as adopted by the Portland Club.

A seventh edition has appeared of Dr. Dobell's valuable work on diet and regimen in sickness and health (15).

Mr. Crookes's handbook on Dyeing and Tissue-printing (16) is, it need hardly be said, a work that will be invaluable to the student, having been prepared with special reference to the demands of the technological examinations of the City and Guilds Institute. Its object is, of course, "more to exhibit the general principles of the arts in their practical working than to enter into all their almost endless minutiae."

Mr. McCrindle has collected from *The Indian Antiquary* his interesting and careful translation of Photius's abridgment of the *Indika* of Ktesias (17) (it used to be spelt *Indica* and *Ctesias*), together with the fragments of the same work preserved in other writers.

Messrs. Nimmo and Bain have issued a charmingly got-up set of books, consisting of *Robinson Crusoe* (in two volumes), *Gulliver's Travels*, and (an odd collection) the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Sentimental Journey* bound in one volume. The illustrations are supplied by MM. Lalauze, Hédouin, Poulleron, and Flameng.

Messrs. Bell give us in one volume of "Classic Tales" (18) *Rosetta*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Sentimental Journey*, the edition being collated from all the best early editions of the several works.

In the *Parallel New Testament* (19), the Authorized Version, which is printed in the left-hand column, with its marginal notes, is reproduced substantially as it was first given to the public. In the right-hand column, also with marginal notes, we have the Revised Version of 1881. The volume contains also the Revisers' Preface and the suggestions of the American Committee.

The *Little Folks' Crayon-Book* (20), which is a companion volume to the *Little Folks' Painting-Book*, is capably adapted to its purpose, and is sure to delight numbers of the "little folk" for whom it is destined.

Among recent sixpenny illustrated editions issued by Messrs. Routledge, we have to notice *The Arabian Nights*, the "*Bab*" *Bullads*, and *Longfellow's Poems*.

(10) *Principles of the Law of Property*. By the late Joshua Williams, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, one of Her Majesty's Counsel. Fourteenth Edition (incorporating the Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881). By his son, T. Cyprian Williams, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. London: Henry Sweet. Melbourne and Sydney: Maxwell.

(11) *Songs for Little Singers, in the Sunday School and Home*. Composed by Henry King Lewis. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(12) *The Regulations of the Old Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Valetta*. From a copy printed at Rome and preserved in the archives of Malta. With a Translation, Introduction, and Notes Explanatory of the Hospital Work of the Order. By the Rev. W. R. K. Bedford, one of the Chaplains of the Order of St. John in England. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

(13) *Whist for Beginners*. By C. T. Buckland, F.R.S.E. London: W. H. Allen.

(14) *The Laws of Piquet and of Rubicon Piquet*. Edited by "Cavendish." With a Treatise on the Game. Third Edition. London: De La Rue.

(15) *On Diet and Regimen*. By Horace Dobell, M.D. Seventh Edition. London: H. K. Lewis.

(16) *Technological Handbooks*. Edited by A. Traeman Wood. *Dyeing and Tissue-Printing*. By W. Crookes, F.R.S. London: Bell & Sons.

(17) *Ancient India*. As described by Ktesias the Knidian. With Introduction, Notes, and Index, by J. W. McCrindle. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.; Bombay: Press; London: Trübner & Co.

(18) *Bohn's Standard Library—Classic Tales*. London: Bell & Co.

(19) *The Parallel New Testament; being the Authorized Version set forth in 1611, arranged in Parallel Columns with the Revised Version of 1881*. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford: University Press.

(20) *The "Little Folks' Crayon-Book: a Series of Outline Engravings for Colouring in Crayon or Painting in Water Colour*. By Lizzie Lawson, and others. With Stories and Verses by George Weatherly. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 till 5. Orchestra stalls, 2s.; side boxes on the first tier, 2 2s.; upper boxes, 2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 12s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 2s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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F. LAMBE PRICE, Secretary.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The **FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the Members will be held in the Reading Room, on Thursday, May 25, at 3 P.M. Sir HENRY BARKLEY, K.C.B., will take the Chair. By order of the Committee. ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

SUNDAY SOCIETY.—SEVENTH PUBLIC ANNUAL MEETING of Supporters, St. James's Hall, Wednesday next, May 17. Admission free, without Ticket. Viscount POWERSCOURT, K.P., will take the Chair.

Speakers: Earl Dunraven, Lord Dorchester, Lord Thurlow, Thomas Bort, M.P., George Howard, M.P., J. J. Jenkins, M.P., James Rankin, M.P., Rev. J. N. Hoare, M.A., Rev. Wm. Rogers, M.A., Rev. T. W. Preston, Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., W. E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L., James Beal, T. Chatfield Clarke, F.R.I.B.A., Moncur D. Conway, M.A., Hodgson Pratt. MARK H. JUDGE, Hon. Secretary.

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NEXT SESSION begins May 23.

NON-RESIDENT.—REQUIRED, by a YOUNG LADY, a RE-ENGAGEMENT as GOVERNESS. Acquirements: Thorough English (taught on the most modern plan), French, German (acquired on the Continent), Music, and Latin. Good references.—Address, E. S., The Library, 20 Haverstock Hill, N.W.

DELICATE BOYS (over Fourteen).—EIGHT are received in a large Country House. Willingness to read and good character required. VACANCY now and January 1883.—M. A. OXOX, Mill Bank House, near Malvern.

CHELTHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, eight £40, four £20. Election third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS.—ELECTION to THREE SCHOLARSHIPS (£20, £20, and £20, tenable for Four Years) to be held on Friday, June 16, 1882. Examination to commence Wednesday, June 14. Open to the four Fourteen on January 1, 1882. One Exhibition of £15, similarly tenable, may be added to Scholarship, or awarded separately.—Apply to REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, near Abingdon.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—ELEVEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be competed for June 27. Value from 70 Guineas (covering school fees) to £20. Limit of age, Juniors 14, Seniors 15. Candidates may be examined at Oxford or Rossall, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics.—Apply to REV. THE HEAD-MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.—MAY 1882.—THIRTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £20 to £15 a year, besides a certain number of FREE ADMISSIONS, will be competed for in June next. These Scholarships are open to Members of the School and others without distinction. Two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from Twelve to Sixteen. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELICK, The College, Marlborough.

EDUCATION.—SOUTH OF FRANCE.—First class, for YOUNG LADIES. Terms, moderate and inclusive. Highest references.—For particulars apply to Mrs. PARKER, Cartorpe, Bourne, Lincolnshire; or Mrs. H. L. JESKINS, Clana-combe, Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

ARMY, UNIVERSITIES, &c.—37 Sinclair Road, Addison Road Station, W.—Mr. LAWRENCE has REMOVED from Berners Street, and prepares here a FEW PUPILS for the Public Examinations. Terms and references on application.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—There will be an ELECTION in October to FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. No Boy is eligible who is under Twelve or over Fourteen on June 1.—For particulars apply to the Bursar (C. H. LANE, Esq.), Wellington College, Wokingham.

SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, C.S., MILITIA, &c.—The Rev. A. PRITCHARD, Wargrave, Henley, Oxon., assisted by his brother, Professor PRITCHARD (late R. M. Academy, Woolwich), can receive applications for the Autumn Examinations.

Last year's successes nearly doubled the previous. Among other Pupils successfully placed in the two years were Nos. 5, 11, 15, 18, 20, 22, 34, 37, 38, 52, 61, 63, besides University Candidates, Nos. 8, 9 in July, and No. 4 in December last. Twelve Candidates sent up for the Sandhurst "Preliminary" passed. All Three sent up February of the present year were likewise successful.

MILITARY COMPETITIVE for MILITIA OFFICERS.—Rev. A. PRITCHARD, Wargrave, Henley, Oxon., has been successful on all occasions hitherto. His Candidates, since September 1880, have gained the following places, Nos. 3, 15, 20, 22, 32, 31, 41, 47; besides, at last March Examination, Nos. 9 and 20, a third only failing by two marks. A second Resident Field Officer (formerly Garrison Instructor) has recently been added to his staff. Both Officers now devote their entire time to his Candidates. Classrooms, &c., specially built and fitted for the purpose.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—NINE or more open to competition at Midsummer 1882, value from £20 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in case of scholars who require it.—Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Founded 1381. Head-Master—Rev. F. H. TATHAM, M.A. The buildings have been recently enlarged, and an extensive Cricket Ground acquired for the School. Numerous Scholarships tenable at the University. Terms moderate.—Apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

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Additional accommodation for Ten Students has been provided by the building of a new wing, which will be opened in October next, when also TWO EXHIBITIONS, tenable at the Hall, will be awarded after examination. (1) The Clothworkers' Exhibition of £25 a year, for three years; (2) an Exhibition of £25 for two years.—Names of Candidates should be sent in before October 1 to the PRINCIPAL, from whom further information can be obtained.

ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, COLCHESTER.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A., Head-Master, receives a few BOARDERS into the School House.—Full particulars on application.

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Head-Master—T. M. BROMLEY, M.A. JUNIOR DEPARTMENT, at which BOYS are received from Seven to Fourteen years of age. Rev. P. CRICK, M.A. An Examination for Entrance Scholarships will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12 and 13.—For Prospectus and further information apply to the SECRETARY.

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May 1, 1882.

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